

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

A letter bearing within and without the crest of Lord Lyveden—hundreds doubtless received a similar epistle. It was a right good imitation of a personal letter, signed "Lyveden," as "me lud" is supposed to sign all communications written by himself or his private secretary. The screed opened with the statement that he ("me lud") had arranged in the House of Lords the recent English Parliamentary visit to Canada—programme enclosed. He says, "We have had a most enjoyable tour and have received the greatest hospitality from our Canadian friends." At this point it gets down to business and discloses a plan for an Anglo-Saxon party consisting of the leading citizens of the United States, Canada and Great Britain to visit Palestine, Egypt, Athens, Constantinople, etc. After dwelling on the size of the chartered ship and the catering, in a burst of generosity he exclaims, "I myself will accompany the cruise." Gosh! Is it possible that for from \$500 up—not including expenses ashore—one can get into a bunch on board ship with a real, sure-enough "lud," and for days and weeks have his "nubile 'igines" where he can't escape when one wants to take a good look at him and burn some lessons into one's brain as to how to do the lordly act on one's own hook? This alone is worth the price, and really who would care a cuss to look at the pyramids, Mount Zion, or anything in Athens when a live lord—not a wax "figger" or a stuffed one—can be easily seen with the naked eye?

Further particulars can be had by applying to "me lud's" secretary at the Waldorf-Astoria tavern in New York, or the date when he will be in Toronto will be communicated to you. Though the letter says "the party will be arranged both here (New York) and in Great Britain, by invitation" no doubt all those who have the price can be included. The scheme should be a gold mine in the States, where the simple-minded democracy score after lords, hotter of foot than a coon chasing a rooster. In Canada most of the people have seen a lord or two and have always a few in stock, yet to be invited for a cruise may be more than some of the shoddy section of our aristocracy can resist. Of course I'm going, though I've had the trip before, even if the money I've saved to buy firewood for the poor will have to be put up for a bunk. I feel so well acquainted with his noble nobs since I got the litho-letter that I'm sure he'll be mad and throw up his job the first rough day at sea if I don't go along. "Lyve" and I will make a warm bunch, won't we? I reckon it will be admitted before we get back that we were the swiftest team that ever paced along the Palestine pike.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER was in excellent form last week when he spoke at the dinner given by the Law Faculty of Laval University. Sir Wilfrid is one of those happy statesmen who, keeping in touch with youth, appeal to the young man's imagination. Hon. Edward Blake couldn't, for no one suspects him of ever having been a boy. The Premier entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, wished that forty years might be rolled off his shoulders, though advising the young lawyers to study the "old masters." The personal touch in both reminiscence and counsel renders our First Minister a picturesque, pleasing and effective speaker. He has just celebrated his sixty-second birthday. May he never be too old to charm both old and young with the gifts God has so generously bestowed upon him.

THE Canadian Associated Press is either malicious or anxious to be funny. Like an over-candid friend, it is fond of telling us what mean things people are saying about us. An Englishwoman did not like Canadian women's complexions. Later we are informed that the "Freeman's Journal" of Dublin says "no community among the British colonies is so snobbish as Canada." The sum of fifteen thousand dollars a year is too much for jokes or jeers such as these. We can hear ourselves called names for much less money. These witticisms, however, are "made in England" and should have a "preference."

HARPER'S WEEKLY once the cleverest and most influential weekly in New York, has for the past couple of years been getting something radically wrong in its head. Of late its remarks about Canada and the future of this country have been about as reasonable as the lectures of a lunatic on psychology. Forgetting that Canada by its own choice is in everything but name a republic, and a much better organized republic at that than the United States, it asserts that we are so strongly wedded to a monarchical form of government that should we become in name, as in fact, independent, we would at once set about finding a king. Following is a fragment of its foolish talk: "There is a curious report that, if the Dominion should secede from the Mother Country, it would organize a Government monarchical in form. Where would it look for a king? Would it invite a member of the family now reigning in Britain to become its sovereign? There is a rumor that some of the British-Canadians would prefer the Scottish Duke of Hamilton, who is descended, through the Princess Margaret Tudor, from the Plantagenets, who were claimants of the throne of France, through Isabelle, daughter of Philippe IV., king of that country. On the other hand, the French-Canadians are said to look with more favor on the present Baron de Longueuil, a descendant of one of the founders of Montreal, and now chief of the seigneurial order in the Province of Quebec."

It confesses that it does not believe these rumors, but expresses the opinion that "the present agitation for a concession of the treaty-making power is pure bravado of which nothing will be heard a few weeks hence." If there has been any talk about hunting for a king in this country it has not been outside of the lunatic asylums. As to the demand for the treaty-making power, the editor of the "Weekly" may be sure that it will be heard of and possessed by Canada long after he has gone where he cannot write any more trash.

THE new taxation bill, prepared with the Assessment Commission's report as a basis, and now undergoing the scrutiny of the Select Committee of the Legislature on Municipal Taxation, appears to be opposed by all the municipalities which have so far been able to get a word in on the subject. Delegations are crowding before the committee asking for a hearing, and the primary trouble seems to be that nobody understands how the thing will work out. If some assessment sharp would be kind enough to take the hypothetical case of a man who has a factory, a store, a dwelling-house and an income, and reckon how his general taxes would be affected in each instance with an ordinary output, profit or value of some fixed sum in each instance, the general public would be able to grasp the intention of the proposed Act. I find myself unable to work out this conundrum, and I doubt if the ordinary man can tell whether under the new system the taxes on his factory and machinery would be more or less; whether on the store they would be more or less; whether he would still have to pay income tax, tax on his machinery, the same amount of taxes, more or less, on the house he lives in, or on the land upon which the house stands. It would be a great mistake to pass any law which is unintelligible to the general public, and it is unfair perhaps to criticize it until we know what we are talking about. In the meantime let someone connected with the putting together of the bill tell us how Jones will be affected in his factory, his warehouse or store, with regard to his income and machinery, etc.

Quite in harmony with many articles which have appeared on this page, was the paper on funeral reform read at the Presbyterian Ministers' Association last Monday by Rev. Robert Atkinson of St. Giles' Church. He pointed out the duty of Christian ministers in advocating simplicity and privacy instead of expensive display and publicity. For this he found two principal reasons, and the other ministers agreed with him. In the first place, the difference between the rich and the poor should not be emphasized as it is at funerals, as it leads to unnecessary expenditures and

a tendency of those who have not the means to care for the living, to be unduly ostentatious at the grave of the dead. He remarked with great force that all funeral show-business is a trespass against common sense and good taste. Furthermore, funerals should be reformed in the direction of simplicity and humility to avoid that materialistic tendency to regard the body as being really the man. "A funeral," he said, "may easily be made a concession to a blank materialism which believes that with the death man comes to an end. The Christian creed that the real man, the soul, is immortal should forbid our acting as if the body were all in all." I have so often called attention to what Mr. Atkinson calls the "gross materialism" of the modern funeral that this timely expression of ministerial opinion needs no further endorsement. Christian ministers can do much to discourage extravagant funerals, and those who anticipate death by the making of a will can serve mankind even as they go to the grave by insisting in their last testament that the funeral shall be simple and private. Men of great prominence have recently asked for the quietest and simplest interment possible. Let those who know that they will be given huge and costly funeral performances forbid such a demonstration in their wills and a different order of things will soon be brought about. The modern funeral is a piece of paganism which I still contend can be easiest done away with by popularizing cremation as the most sanitary as well as the simplest way of disposing of the dead.

THE entrance of the radial railways into Toronto has been much argued about, and I have not hastened to express an opinion until those who have been making a special study of it have debated the subject pretty thoroughly. It seems evident that no radial franchise should be given in the city which will not terminate at the same time as the agreement between the city and the Toronto Street Railway Com-

pany of the Dominion and the most optimistic opinions with regard to our future. That Chamberlain has seen fit at this important juncture to form an Imperial party with a preferential tariff favoring the colonies, Canada in particular, as a basis, is stirring up not only the nations of Europe, but giving Uncle Sam material for grave thought. Prominent men, including senators, have within the last month or two made important speeches in various parts of the United States touching on the future of this country and their own. Their prediction that should the United States and Great Britain have a tariff war, Canada, by reason of its geographical nearness to the Republic, will become a part of it, is such utter and undiluted swash that it deserves no serious reply. If these predictions of Canada's peaceful annexation mean anything they are put up as a bluff to frighten the British people from the adoption of a protective tariff. Bryan, ex-President and discredited candidate, made a speech in London which, when analyzed, shows nothing but the thinnest kind of rhetorical guff. Of course he opposed the protective idea in England because he could do nothing else. Had he advised his hearers to put on a high tariff his words would have damned him politically at home, where he would have been accused of being a traitor for encouraging Great Britain to do in a small way what the United States has done with all its might. Chamberlain's idea is so fascinating to his audiences that many newspapers which began by ridiculing his campaign are confessing that he is sweeping the country before him. The factions opposed to him are practically leaderless as well as barren of ideas or expedients. In all this clamor the name of Canada rings out loud and clear; she is talked of not only as an agricultural but as a manufacturing country, and is referred to more as an important nation than ever before. All of this must do us good, particularly as there is not a whisper of "annexation" in any of the speeches except those made in the United States. It would be wise if every Can-

wine and beer in their newspaper—by no means an unusual combination. In fact, the inconsistency he points out is as great as if he preached temperance in the pulpit on Sunday and kept a saloon during the remainder of the week. Those who publish the advertisements of intoxicants are acting as in the blame, if there is any, in the same proportion that the bartender shares in the offence of the keeper of the grog shop. In "Saturday Night" there are several brewery advertisements which would not be there for a single issue if the editor or the proprietors felt it their duty to go on the platform and advocate prohibition. The Montreal "Witness" is the only daily paper, as far as I know, which is consistent in this matter, for it does not preach total abstinence while at the same time accepting money for helping to sell drink.

If, then, the newspaper publishing advertisements of intoxicants is guilty of aiding and abetting the sale and use of hard drink, it must be that the subscriber—as in the case of Bro. Rankin—who helps support the paper is also an accomplice, indirectly of course, but still to a sufficient degree to make a sensible soul have pains. He does not share the difficulties in which the newspaper publishers and editors find themselves. In the case of a political organ excluding all such advertisements, it would be an offence to the liquor trade and to those who support it, hence a weakness to its party. Here is where politics slip in as a factor, and no doubt start temperance people, in order to get the right political stripe of newspaper reading, shut their eyes to the objectionable advertisements in order that they may open them on the page where the proper sort of party pabulum is given out. The fact that they vote in much the same strabismic way probably accounts for the small influence the temperance organizations have in politics.

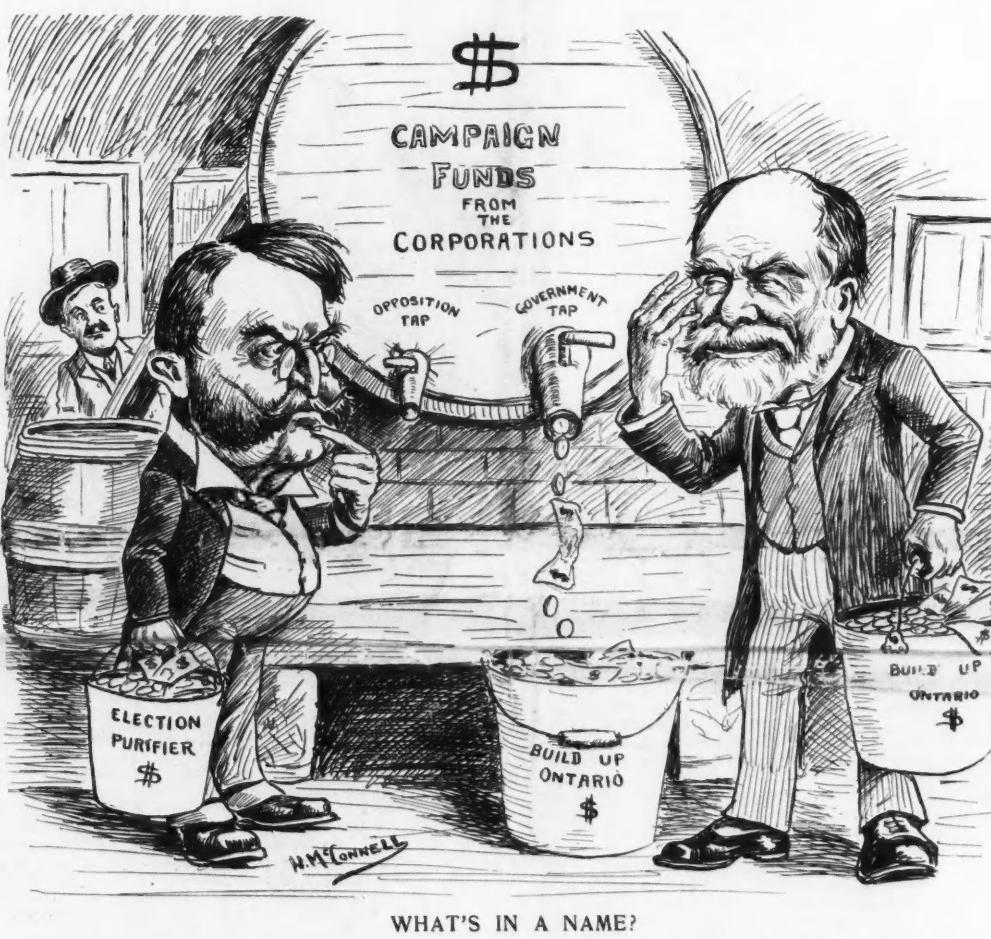
Are advertisements of liquors the only objectionable features of the advertising columns? Take, for instance, some of the so-called medical advertisements, which are either the rankest kind of swindle or are intended to prevent the increase of population. Can those who uphold virtue in the pulpit and dwell on the joys of a pure home and an untaunted life, consistently support newspapers which are the selling agents of these nostrums, which are either as harmless as bread pills or as nefarious as the abortionist himself? Advertisers of these things pay double and treble rates, it is said, but even politics cannot be pulled in as a feeble side argument to justify their appearance in any decent paper.

The "World," if I mistake not, had a recent diatribe against the pool-room at Toronto Junction, and insinuated that this evil was protected by the political managers of the Government. In this same paper, however, appears a huge advertisement of some foreign racing touts inviting the public to send them sums of money ranging from twenty-five dollars up, and assuring the senders that a very large profit would be theirs. If the pool-room is illegal, the advertisement must be illegal, to say nothing of the very large possibilities of fraud in connection therewith. If these tipsters are able to pick horses and surely win so much money for those who send them the cash, why don't they put up the money themselves and keep the profits to themselves? If what they claim is correct they could become millionaires in a very little time by gambling on their own tips instead of dividing their so-called knowledge with the general public. London "Truth," famous for its exposure of swindling advertisements, of usurers, of racing tipsters, and touts who gull the public, has had to pay in law costs tens of thousands of pounds to defend itself in libel suits brought to crush it by those whose fraudulent businesses it has exposed. To no department of its exposures has more attention been paid than to just such advertisements and advertisers as the "World" newspaper has been giving such prominence to. Almost the whole city is opposed to pool-rooms and betting schemes of a shady character, yet a newspaper which by carrying such an advertisement becomes a tout for tipsters, is received into honest homes without question. Apparently the Crown Attorney is looking after this "World's" enterprise is legitimate, but how many of the readers have made a protest? In fact, has anyone at all who supports that paper felt any personal responsibility in the matter? Sure enough Bro. Rankin is on a solid basis when he follows to its logical conclusion the question of the reader's responsibility for what appears in the paper he or she supports. However, he is only on the edge of the subject. Can he conscientiously be a guest in a hotel, the rates of which are cheapened by the profits of a bar? Would he refuse to ride on a ship which is partially supported by selling booze? Does it hurt him to accept aid for his church from those who made their money or a portion of it by manufacturing or selling liquor or by gambling in stocks and leading other people to do likewise? Is there no responsibility connected with the "hazard day" ad. and with the advertising of bargains of all sorts which are generally the product of excessive and poorly paid labor? Can he see no blood spots from the worn fingers of the workers on the dollar article sold for twenty-five cents? Keep on, Brother Rankin, and the first thing you know people won't read newspapers at all or will have to wear their conscientious and go blind.

The "World," commenting on the same paragraph I have quoted, justifies a newspaper for accepting any kind of an advertisement on the ground that the reader gets his newspaper for at least a tenth of what it would cost were it not for the "ads." It suggests that if 5,000 Christian men were to agree to give \$10 a year for their paper, the manager of it might be induced to abandon the objectionable advertisements. In conclusion it says: "Until they do this, the 'World' is sorry to admit that a newspaper is not likely to look with a very censorious eye upon any advertisement which produces the revenue which enables the reader to get his newspaper for a price far below its fair value."

There is less self-respect than untruth and cant in this admission. Liquor advertisements form but a very small part of a daily newspaper's revenue. If a newspaper is willing to do what it thinks is wrong for this small price or any price, it is venal and unworthy of belief. On the same principle it must be willing to sell its editorial columns to the devil if he has the price, in order to "enable the reader to get his newspaper for a price far below its fair value." What nauseous cant is this about doing wrong things "to enable the dear reader" to get a cheap paper! The proprietor of the "World" and the owners of other newspapers are not toiling for the "dear reader" but to make money for themselves. Some of them have a limit of venality beyond which they will not go at any price, but it would appear from the "World's" own confession that there is no line it is unprepared to pass for the sake of the gentle reader whose name in this case happens to be MacLean.

THE deadly law of averages seems to a great extent to justify the saying, "Nothing matters." Speaking generally, when times are bad, wages low and profits small, everything is cheap. When times are good, wages high and profits large, everything is dear. Of course this does not cover periods of famine, drought or pestilence, but even physical suffering has its limits, and the one that perishes in an untimely way under such unusual circumstances perhaps suffers much less in the short time it takes for the spirit to separate from the flesh than he or she would suffer living to be fifty years old. Just now we are blessed with good times, but as the newspapers are continually pointing out, good times have their limitations and bring their own troubles. A dollar and a half nowadays will not go any further to procure food, warmth and shelter than a dollar did some time ago. It is doubtful if anyone earning money honestly and without oppressing others is getting much more benefit from good times than his neighbor. Wage-workers of all kinds are getting exceedingly good pay. The butcher, the baker, the milkman, the coal merchant, the landlord, etc., by common consent contrive to take away the extra wage, but in their turn have to part with it in some other direction. Good times and bad times appear to be largely the result of habit or mental attitude. When people think that times are good they begin to



pany terminates. It is clear that the radicals will carry passengers within the city, no matter what agreement is made, for the people desiring to use them will force such changes as will disconcert, if not destroy, all the plans that the city has made, and has so far been able to protect against the machinations of the Toronto Railway. Eighteen years is a long period. Before the close of the lease times will have greatly changed. Electrical methods will doubtless be greatly improved, and though many of us who use the cars now will not be here when the franchises expire, we have no right to mortgage the future of such a great system by granting a tenure of even forty years to those who have been clamoring for a perpetual franchise. Eighteen years is enough, and if the Council is wise it will that the limit.

WE are destined to be a world power or world pirates?" A FEW enquires a New York paper. "Strenuous to the last, our Buster Brown President is now conducting diplomacy by Marconi telegraph. The Republic of Panama was recognized in a Marconi message, addressed to nobody in particular—for the officials of the new republic have not been elected yet—and Minister Bunau Varilla promptly appeared at the White House to present his letters as envoy plenipotentiary. Nobody in Panama is authorized to issue such letters, and there has not been time for a mail from Panama to arrive here; so the new Minister was probably invited to step into the White House office and write the letters himself. Anyhow, something that passed for letters was presented, and the Republic of Panama has an official representative at Washington before there is any Government in Panama for him to represent."

The cold-blooded opinion of the San Francisco "Argonaut" pro-Boer when it cost it nothing to be upright and sympathetic with the under dog, is thus briefly expressed: "We needed Panama in our business; we've got her and we're going to keep her!"

CANADIANS are apparently of the opinion that it is better to be "Alverstone" than "Panamaed," but the varieties of diplomacy used so effectively in the near past have at least set the people of this country thinking and talking about the future of the Dominion. Mr. J. M. Clark, K.C., at the Liberal Club, and Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., at the Canadian Club, both look forward to Canada's future within the Empire, believing no other solution of the problem to be possible. Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, has been talking about the treaty-making power being necessary to our autonomy, and all the newspapers seem to find it interesting to their readers to keep the subject before them. The Alaskan award will always be remembered as a significant episode in our history. By the thoughtful in Great Britain it is regarded as such, and in the United States, Canada is receiving very much more attention than it ever did before. I picked up a Milwaukee paper the other day and I could hardly believe my eyes, for over half a page of it was devoted to a

adian speaker, no matter when or where he expresses an opinion, should make it clear that annexation to the United States is regarded by Canadians as simply a crazy man's dream, a mirage seen by a few Yankee wind-jammers who cater to the insatiable land-hunger of their compatriots.

THE somewhat fastidious "Canadian Gazette" (London Eng.), enquires: "Why does every Canadian journalist write of 'Hon. Joseph Chamberlain'?" There are no 'Hons.' in English politics. "Honorable" is here a courtesy title; Mr. Chamberlain's only prefix is the prefix of a Privy Councillor—"The Rt. Hon." We did it wrong because we didn't know any better, doncherknow, or didn't think it mattered awfully much, doncherknow.

INTROSPECTION seems to be about as good a way as there is of snarling oneself into an illogical knot. Rev. J. Rankin, president of the Toronto Conference, appears to have taken a peep at his inner self before his sermon in the Central Methodist Church last Sunday morning. Before taking a snapshot of his inner consciousness he takes one which the ordinary reader will probably label as the "Globe": "Here is a great daily newspaper with a Christian editor, who believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in our land is wrong and sinful. Some of the directors of that paper believe the same, and they and the editor have taken the platform and spoken against the liquor traffic. In doing so they are witnesses to the truth. They take a stand in defence of the principles of our holy religion, but for a money consideration that same paper advertises the business the editor and the directors condemn."

After enquiring what the editor and directors of that paper should do and what the attitude of Christians should be in such a matter, he made the following confession: "For nearly a quarter of a century I have taken a paper that takes money for advertising a business that I believe to be wrong and sinful. What should I do in order to be a consistent witness to the truth? I think unless the advertising I refer to is discontinued I shall discontinue the paper. If you were to speak to the managers they would tell you that they need the money to run a daily paper; such advertising pays well. But Christian men do advertising in that same paper. What should they do? If to-morrow three or four large firms should intimate to the managers of daily papers that they would have to choose between the advertising of their business and the liquor business, the managers would at least stop to think. If from 500 Christian men who take the daily paper the managers should receive a letter stating that they must choose between continuing their subscriptions or the liquor advertising, perhaps something would be done. Can Christian men be faithful and consistent witnesses to the truth who in any degree countenance a business that they believe to be wrong and hurtful to their fellowmen?"

Brother Rankin is quite right in his criticism of men who advocate prohibition on the platform and advertise whisky,

spend more money, do more building, and engage in increased enterprises. In themselves these things create good times. The workman getting more wages starts out to become a householder or spends more money on his family. So the nimble dollar gets a wider circulation, and for a time creates a happier feeling, until jealousies begin, because no one finds himself or herself detaining this alert coin to a much greater extent than when times were said to be hard. At once an unrest seizes hold of the whole bunch, high and low, rich and poor. Those with money begin to speculate, and almost invariably lose their savings. Those without money go on strike for more pay, generally with the belief that the manufacturers are getting rich at their expense. The manufacturer putting out his cash on the new scale ultimately finds that he is making no more money in a big factory than he did in a little one, and his troubles with his employees almost drive him mad.

The man who has made money—for some, of course, get ahead—as a rule will confess that he was on an average happier when he began life with little capital except a cosy home and a loving wife than he has been since he accumulated wealth. His wife will probably make the same confession and express a preference for the happy days in a cottage rather than the worried hours of a society life, pestered even in her costly home by trouble with her servants. The mechanic with his dinner-pail has little or no responsibility, for if he has health and a good trade he is sure of a livelihood. If he has a happy home and is wise he knows that he cannot increase his home delights, no matter how he may gild their surroundings. But habit, the eyes of one's neighbors, and the unrest which is a much stronger way than a sense of restlessness can ever be, drives mankind into all sorts of desperate efforts to pass the positive degree of happiness and reach the comparative or superlative of happier and happiest. It does not matter that it does not come; the striving is always there, pushing past disappointments which sometimes reach the borderland of disgrace and despair. Of course the world would not be changed as rapidly were people more philosophical, but the tension has become so great that it is doubtful whether much improvement can be made either in the general goodness of the world or the worth of life by an increase of striving. Not only individuals, but nations as well, are doing themselves to death by taxing the citizens for armies and navies to add glory to flags which soon may be torn down by the increasing and turbulent hosts of Socialists. As individuals become more dishonest and more merciless to their fellows in the race for wealth, so nations are becoming notoriously greedy and indecent in their struggle for territory and power. When times are good monarchies thrust out their chests and prepare to steal from the weak. In republics the people generally become equally "cheesy" and think it a joke to rob the embarrassed and the helpless. In hard times people do not want any war; they have troubles enough at home to make them cry taxation and abominate attempts of their rulers toward foreign aggression.

Returning to the subject of good and hard times, in our own city we can easily see how we are paying the piper for his cheering tunes. Bread has gone up far beyond the limit justifiable by the rise in the price of wheat. Beef cattle, which were really a scarce article a year and a half or two years ago, have largely decreased in price, but it makes no difference in the butcher's bill. The things which go to make a reasonably good dinner cost no more to grow than they did when they were almost half the price. Everybody has an idea that more is coming to them now than there was a few years ago, and they are insisting on making small excuses go a long way to justify the greatly increased prices. The butcher does not pay out enough extra to the boy who delivers his meat, or to the landlord in whose building he does business, to justify twenty or twenty-five per cent. increase in the normal price of a steak or a roast. Neither does the milkman have to pay enough more for what he sells to enable him to keep a sober face when he raises his prices twelve or fifteen per cent. No doubt everybody is eating more and wearing better things, but it is exceedingly doubtful if they are any happier. The rents of small houses have increased at least thirty or thirty-five per cent., though the same houses were paid for a good return to their owners when the tenants were giving up a third less than they are now. But the landlord is no happier, and probably encouraged by the success of his tenement house business he will double the number that he has at present, and perhaps have them empty and a big mortgage flapping in his face before eighteen months have passed. People are forming habits of paying high prices and buying extravagantly during prosperity, which will make doubly sharp the sting which they must feel when their incomes recede. The bitterest poverty is that felt by the man who has been rich and become poor, and so as we go up and down the scale which the everlasting law of averages provides for us individually and collectively, we feel the cold of adversity most when there is a swift change of the commercial climate.

Why we should have these recurrent changes nobody seems to know. Swinging back of the pendulum. As an anonymous writer speculating on ~~the~~ recently said: "Everything in nature is in a condition of flux and change, progression and recession, ebb and flow. In organic evolution, scientists tell us, short periods of rapid change are followed by long periods of comparative quiescence. The progress of the world-movement is in a straight line. Who shall say what is the deep fundamental cause why empires grow, expand, reach high levels of civilization, and then decline? How strange that the art of sculpture should burst into perfect flower in ancient Greece, then wane and decay. How comes it that English literature should be suddenly illuminated by such a constellation of poets as were Keats and Shelley, and Byron, Coleridge and Wordsworth? All progress," said Goethe, "moves in a spiral." And so it is, perhaps not unreasonable to wonder, as we look back at the series of panic periods at intervals of ten (or seven) years, whether their causes lie deeper than we can see; are, in fact, in the nature of things, largely independent of material conditions. If all bodily ills were real, not imaginary, there would be a million less Christian Scientists. Perhaps it would be worth the financial doctors' while not only to test the strength of the commercial pulse-beat, but to ascertain if the patient is a victim of incurable periodic hysteria."

ISNT the "Star" somewhat invidious when it rejoices at such length that the Laurier Government will go into the campaign without a single "scandal" attached to the name of one of its Ministers. Not one member of the Administration has been on the defensive before a committee of enquiry. There is no damning "exposure" to explain away." Why should the "Star" consider this such an unusual condition of affairs? Would it think of complimenting a woman on not having been scandalized? Even implied "comparisons are odious," and this one will set people nudging one another as to whom the "Star" is thinking at."

A USURER'S appeal has just been bounced out of the Divisional Court at Osgoode Hall, and the facts of the matter and the law in the case are worth stating. A man and his wife in Hamilton mortgaged their furniture for \$125 and agreed to pay interest at the rate of five dollars a month, waiving in the mortgage their rights to protection under the Usurers' Acts. Those who made the mortgage must have been frightfully hard up or they would not have agreed to pay \$60 per year for the loan of \$125. However, they seem to have "raised the wind" somewhere, and paid enough money to the usurer to satisfy the mortgage under the Usurers' Acts, the protection of which, however, they had waived. The money-lender, however, insisted on the pound of flesh, and in the trial court as well as on appeal it was held that "the Interest Act was passed in the public interest for the protection of persons borrowing money upon personal security. This proviso is their only protection, and it is introduced to prevent their being kept in the dark by the lender as to the real rate of interest per annum which they are agreeing to pay. To allow a borrower to agree, when making his contract, that the Act should not apply, would be to allow two private individuals to set at naught an Act passed in the public interest."

Of course the appeal was dismissed with costs, as the reader will observe, because the rate per annum was not specified in the bond. Surely it will teach the borrowers a lesson in business. No one can stand that kind of financial "soaking," unless some windfall provides them with funds even fools should be able to see their own finish. One per cent, a month is over twelve per cent. per annum, for there is the interest on the interest, and even in the most desperate emergency this rate, or a higher one, means ruin unless something turns up. There are usurers doing a thriving business in this city, sending their circulars into embarrassed homes and tempting hard-up people to borrow at extortionate rates. Such borrowing is but an intensification of all ordinary troubles. The weight of debt is a nightmare and ruin the result. There are usurers who collect their debts by something which is hardly distinguishable from blackmail, insin-

ing such as they threaten to appeal to a man's employers or expose him perhaps to the company in whose counting-house he occupies a responsible position. Such exposure almost invariably means dismissal, for a man who borrows at such extortionate rates must have some particularly strong reason for concealing his embarrassment or he is such an utter ass that he is unworthy of confidence. The time to get out of trouble is to take the bull by the horns the moment the difficulty is encountered; settle it then and there, no matter how great the hardship may appear, for then you will sleep well o' nights and the money-lender will have no power to make you sweat.

CANADA having been recently "gold-bricked" by the Alaska tribunal, may learn with some satisfaction that the real old-fashioned "gold-brick" game is being worked with considerable success in Great Britain. Our Yankee neighbors, finding that the Englishman is an easy thing, within the last month got hold of several "suckers" who had taken the matter seriously and were in communication by cable with a gang of swindlers in the United States, who by letter had told the ancient "gold-brick" story. Happily for them they were accidentally enlightened and saved from the loss of hundreds if not thousands of pounds. The fact that even bank managers in the West have sometimes been caught by these "gold-brick" swindlers indicates that brains which if employed in a legitimate way would bring much money to their possessors, are used to trap people who are generally regarded as financially clever. A London paper states that the scheme is worked with such persistency that it is doubtless profitable. One can imagine how the "gold-brick" swindler getting personally into the confidence of a man with money might play his bunco game, but it is almost incredible that they are able to work it with success by letter and cable. Doubtless the desire to get something for nothing or something of great value for a very small price, is as strong amongst wealthy Englishmen as it is with well-to-do farmers and the other unfortunates here who, despite the frequent exposures of the scheme, are every year robbed by these rascals, and perhaps in the majority of cases conceal their loss while being converted to a belief in the old saw that "a sucker is born every minute."

The Science of Feeding.

According to the "Daily Chronicle," an "American" sage has discovered that vegetable fare has the following effects: Turnips produce melancholy, beets jealousy, carrots kindness and peas true happiness.

Though I am mournful and depressed,
Tis not my sins give me unrest,
Or which remembrance you suggest
Should grow to an obsession;
But all life's higher hopes seem dashed,
Since with the button, boiled and mashed,
Dear, you would give me turnips, mashed,
And turnips bring depression.

Now, though your mien is so austere
And your reproaches most severe,
There's really nothing in it, dear;
You have no cause to blame me.
No! 'twas that envy-breeding beet,
Against my counsel you would eat,
Makes you regard as most unmeet
My "goings-on with Amy."

But all your food let carrots be;
You'll smile on Amy graciously,
And never be unkind to me,
Nor I sigh "Willow-waly!"
And then I'll teach you, I profess,
The truest, highest happiness,
For we will batten to excess
On peas, though bottled, daily.

A Sentimental Critic.

WALTER STERRY belonged to the modern school of dramatic critics. Whatever he may have thought of his confreres who still used rounded periods and spoke of the "palmy days" his work at least did not show the flattery of imitation. He wrote of the people of the stage as he knew them, and in a manner which gave his fierce wit full display. Managers admitted he was honest, actors said he was a born dyspeptic, and the public found him amusing. Only once had his publisher sent him a note asking him to be as kind as he could to one of his friends who was to appear as a star for the first time. The publisher found his answer in the paper the next morning. It was said by those who follow dramatic criticism to have been the most scathing review ever given to a first performer in New York.

And so Sterry went on his way—and his way, it must be said, was a rather cruel way. The power of his witty shafts made his public smile, but they sank deep into the hearts of the actors who inspired them. At great intervals he dropped his pessimism and said an appreciative word concerning an artist, even at the loss of a smile from his audience. And in these rare instances the artist bought many copies of the paper and sent them broadcast to his friends and to his enemies—the managers. There were many authentic cases where a good word from Sterry had procured an important engagement, or a substantial increase in salary for an artist. But of this Sterry knew nothing. He did not have a nodding acquaintance with a single actor. Leading women might cry their eyes out at home, soubrettes might, as often did, threaten to shoot him on sight, and leading juveniles promise their company to horsewhip him the first time he appeared on Broadway, but to all this the critic paid no heed. He did not seem to care for his kind, whether they were actors, critics or laymen.

If he had ever taken any one to the theater, the fact was unknown to his fellow-critics. He seemed to exist only for first performances. Where he lived no one seemed to know. Every first-nighter knew him by sight—they looked for the hard, immovable face of the young man who sat alone protected by an aisle and an empty seat. Every actor of note had looked across the footlights and every friend of the actor in the audience had looked time and again at the sphinx-like face of Sterry, and none had ever read the thoughts it masked. But they generally knew to their sorrow the following morning. At the end of the play, sometimes before it was half over, he went to the nearest telegraph office, wrote his review at the desk where the telegrams are usually written, gave his copy to a district messenger, and disappeared into the night.

The first night of "The Vulcan" aroused the sluggish interest of the regular New York theater-goer to an unusual degree. It was the first effort of a unknown author and composer and a new management and the first-nighters were naturally curious. As a matter of fact, it turned out to be one of those negative performances, neither very good nor very bad. Sterry sat in front with his brother critics and waited for something to happen, something which was worthy of his pen. The performance was too good to be cruel about, and it was not good enough to be enthusiastic over. As the tragedians of old were supposed to say, there was nothing to "get one's teeth into." If there was anything or anybody on whom he could use his peculiar satire, he failed to find it in the first act.

But the second act brought a change of scene and some new characters. One of the latter was a young man in flannels and a straw hat. The part as described by the programme was "Arthur Brandon," a college sport, and it was played by William Spencer, a new name to New York playgoers.

Sterry looked at the young man on the stage in flannels and for once in his life was seen to smile. At last there was something to get his teeth into. For a moment Sterry considered, was it really worth while to attack a play through a young man who had but a few lines, and those having, as a matter of fact, no real bearing on the play? But he had to write about something, and it was his duty as he saw it to make his readers laugh, and as there seemed to be no other hook on which to hang his peculiar wit, he picked out Mr. William Spencer. The young man was so very earnest in the little he had to do and was so serious about it all that he "stood out"—out of all proportion to the part he had to play, and brought into unnecessary relief his lack of technique and the very ill-fitting suit of flannels. It seemed to be almost too easy to be funny at the young man's expense, and that was perhaps the reason why the other critics passed him by with an amused smile and failed to remember his strenuous efforts when they wrote their reviews of the play.

Sterry did not wait for the finale of the act or the speeches of the new authors and the new manager. He rushed off to the nearest Western Union office and sat down at the long desk, and, clearing away a mass of telegraph blanks, began to write his review. He told of the modish audience of him self—"Everybody's Magazine."

plot and the music of the new operetta. Then he spoke of the old favorites and how they fared in their new roles and made a few caustic remarks about the age of the chorus and the mad-color schemes of the ensembles. And having finished the onerous part of his work, he turned to the pleasurable part with much relief—the first appearance in New York of Mr. William Spencer. It was not so very long, but it was the part of the review which he knew his readers would like the best. It was full of epigram and that peculiar kind of wit of which he was the acknowledged master, and which left a scar forever on those whom it touched. On the whole, it was not a bad review, and he folded his "copy" with the air of one who has spent the last hour to a good advantage—at least to himself.

He was already sealing the flap of the envelope when his eye fell on a telegraphic message which was being written by someone sitting next to him at the long desk. It was the address that probably arrested his attention. His eye quickly ran over the telegram. It was addressed to Mrs. John Spencer, in a little Western town of which he had never heard, and the telegram said, "I think I was all right. Can tell better when I read the criticisms to-morrow. Never mind, anyhow, mother, it will all come right." Sterry did not read the signature, as it was being written, but followed the hand of the writer up the wrist to a frayed cuff and a coat sleeve much too short for the arm it was supposed to cover. Then he swung on his stool and glanced casually at the young man he had seen half an hour before on the stage. The latter did not see Sterry, as he was intent on composing another telegram. The critic might have read this one, too, unnoticed, but instead he swung around again on his chair and looked out of the window on the white lights of Broadway and the crowded yellow cars shooting by and the black hansom darting in and out with their load of pleasure-seekers. Even the pavements were crowded with men and women who seemed to be hurrying on their way with a smile of anticipation of some little happiness to come. Twice Sterry picked up his pen to write the address on the envelope which lay in front of him and then he put it down. And then he tore it open, and finding the paragraph he had written about Spencer, ran his pen through it and in its place wrote what follows: "The part of Arthur Brandon was played by William Spencer, a newcomer to our stage. Mr. Spencer has good looks, a pleasant personality, and did all that was given him to do with distinction and intelligence. Some day one of our more acute managers will drop a few of those established failures which are forever being forced upon us and give young men with the earnestness of Mr. Spencer a chance worthy of their ability." And then Sterry gave his "copy" to a messenger boy with instructions to collect at the other end. But he also gave the boy a quarter for himself, which was an unprecedented act for Sterry. CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

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November 28, 1903

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3



Letters received on Monday from Mrs. Tom Greet tell of her meeting with Miss Florence Dartnell, the fair daughter of the late Judge Dartnell of Whithby, in London, and of the very enjoyable trip they have arranged together. They are now at the Hotel des Alpes, Vevey, and have charming quarters there, and I believe intend stopping in Switzerland until after Noel. Mrs. Greet, it is hoped by her Canadian friends, will follow the prompting of the "heimweh" to which she confesses and return to reside in Canada.

Mrs. and Miss Kathleen O'Hara have taken apartments at 592 Church street for some time, and Miss O'Hara is continuing her vocal studies. Mrs. O'Hara (nee Dobbs of Portsmouth) is a most charming woman, and her Toronto friends are delighted to welcome her.

Among the recently arrived residents in town is Mrs. E. W. Van Allen, formerly of Brantford, and "nee" Atkinson of Chatham. Mrs. Van Allen has a flat at the St. George; she is the second daughter of Mr. C. R. Atkinson, K.C., of Chatham, to settle in Toronto, another being Mrs. Robert Sims, wife of the assistant minister of the Church of the Messiah.

Mr. Haydn Horsey entertained about eighty members of the Male Chorus Club at supper at the Victoria Rink on Monday evening. As their president, Mr. Horsey has always won the regard of all the members, whose hearty good wishes on his marriage last month were as welcome as their artistic and beautiful gift. The supper was informal and very jolly.

The passing away of Mrs. Giles Williams recently as the result of a fall, grieved many friends, who esteemed and loved her for her sterling goodness and loyalty. Of late years Mr. and Mrs. Williams had lived a very retired life, but in their palmer days they entertained often and elegantly, and were the kindest and most liberal in charities and help in every good cause. After the funeral of the late Mrs. Williams, I believe her husband went away to make his home with a brother in the States.

Mrs. John Morison's tea on Thursday afternoon of last week occurred too late for more than mention, but was quite one of the most pleasant of the week's many bright festivities. The dainty and perfectly gowned hostess, with her simple coiffure of waving grey hair and her young-looking face, introduced a debuting daughter, Miss Mary Morison, who was much admired, and is one of the really pretty girls who have come out this fall, with a distinct and interesting beauty of face and expression. She wore a pretty white dress and held a huge bouquet of white half-open roses, the perfect flower for a "coming-out" girl. Her dainty little sister, Mrs. Winnett, looked after some of the guests, and the loveliest bride of the autumn, Mrs. Rogers (nee McKeigie) in a pale blue costume and hat, with a bevy of very attractive girls, assisted in the tea-room, the ball-room later on, for a delightful dance for the young friends of the debutantes ended the celebration of the day of her debut. I heard it remarked at this tea how much the simple style of coiffure is being adopted by the prettiest girls, one of whom, Miss Haney of Rosedale, looked particularly sweet on Thursday in a soft primrose-tinted dress, and her soft light brown hair parted and turned back from her Greek brow, quite plainly. The tea-table was crowned with fine 'mums' and set at the west end of the long ball-room, and there was any quantity of nice flowers and the sweetest of music all through the big house.

Dr. Nattress and Major Forester, who have been spending a week at the Welland, St. Catharines, returned home on Monday, very much better for their visit.

Mrs. E. B. Osler left last week for England and will visit her daughter, Mrs. Bowen. Interesting family affairs may keep her the Old Country for some little time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld entertained at dinner at Dunedin on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey held her post-nuptial reception on Monday afternoon at her home in Isabella street, when, in spite of the bad weather, a large number of friends called. Mrs. Horsey was assisted by her matron of honor, Mrs. Mulock, and her bridesmaid, Miss Winifred Hoskin, who took charge of the tea-room, and her sister, Miss Laing, who received with her in the drawing-room, all wearing their wedding-party fineries. The bride wore a becoming gown of grey crepe de chine, and received many compliments, which her bright and handsome appearance well merited. The decorations of the tea-table were exactly the thing for a dull, gloomy day, bright, glowing crimson silk and red shaded candles, and the flowers, bride roses. Mrs. Horsey will receive again next Monday, let us hope on a fairer day.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines entertained a few friends at tea in her charming home. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Duncan (Mrs. Duncan was Miss Palmer, a sister of Mrs. George Dunstan), Miss McSloy, Mrs. Nattress, Mr. Thompson, who played very beautifully some choice Chopin bits. Mr. Clifford Walker, who is making many friends in St. Catharines, and several others.

Mrs. and Miss McGaw are spending some time at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Septimus Denison came down last week on a visit to Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, and has, I believe, returned home to London. During her stay many pleasant impromptus have been "en train" to enable her Toronto friends to enjoy an hour with her. On Friday a few friends took tea with her at Heydon Villa, and on other afternoons there were like little coteries at Rusholme and Sandhurst, two of the family homes in the West End, convened in her honor.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Mr. Arthur Guise are to attend the St. Andrew's dinner on Monday evening. The Countess of Minto and her daughters returned from Japan last week. They have had a thoroughly delightful visit, weather, country and hosts combining to make their holiday a perfect one. His Excellency went moose-hunting a few days since, and will probably enjoy the Minto luck which never seems to desert the vice-Regal pair.

Miss Fielding, one of the brightest and best liked of the fair Ottawa girls, is visiting Mrs. A. E. Kirkpatrick at her home in Bedford road. I believe she is to spend some time here, which will be good news to her many friends in Toronto.

Mrs. R. Cummings Kirkpatrick, who had been an invalid since the midsummer days, when she suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, passed away on Thursday of last week. Her family have been in devoted attendance on her during her long illness, and their care and love soothed her last hours. The sympathy of all their friends is theirs in their bereavement.

Miss Margaret Huston's debut was the musical event of the week, and unfortunately occurred after these columns were closed. Last Friday Miss Huston, who has a delightful studio in the Yonge street arcade, gave it up to the entertaining of her sister's friends who came in response to the joint invitation of the clever pair. It was quality, not quantity, that counted in the little party of music-lovers and musicians who gathered in the studio to prophesy good things for the songstress who has worked so faithfully and well to perfect herself. Incidentally there was a treat in the playing of Signor Ferrera, who gave one masterly and hasty violin solo and was away before the shower of compliments could be uttered which awaited him. Miss Janes played for the guests later on, and a dainty little "five o'clock" was served from an anteroom, where a pretty tea-table was set.

The tea at Westbourne School, given by Miss Dallas and Miss Curlette, went with much elation, though the weather was not in a nice mood on Saturday. The two bright and cordial hostesses, who know so well how to make their friends happy,

welcomed their guests and passed them on to a bevy of pretty girls, who plied them with attentions and dainties from a bountifully laden table, Miss Dora Rowand, Miss May Jarvis, Miss Temple Dixon and several others being kept busy in such pleasant duties. The flowers used in decoration were fine yellow 'mums', and the lights were shaded in yellow. A large number of guests were at this tea, which added one more to the successful functions which have been held at Westbourne School in its short but highly prosperous career.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox gave a dinner for Mrs. Kennedy, their guest, at which the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Clark, Miss Evelyn Cox, Mr. John Kilgour, and Mr. Lorne Cosby.

Mrs. Wilmet Matthews received at Craigleigh on Monday afternoon, when she was assisted by Mrs. Joe Thompson. Many friends who were unable to call a fortnight ago braved a nasty wet afternoon to say welcome home to the fair bride of last summer.

Mrs. Delamere's tea on Saturday was most enjoyable, and the hospitable home in Simcoe street was the rendezvous of a very smart lot of people, men being ready to spend a bright hour on a half-holiday in gallant attentions to their fair friends, and some care for their own entertainment as well. Among the guests was a visitor in town who received many hearty greetings. Mrs. Septimus Denison of London, Lady Edgar was also welcomed with pleasure to the circle from which she has been absent far too long to please her Toronto friends. With the hostess in the drawing-room was Mrs. Bickford, her mother, whom all are sorry to hear will shortly leave for England to spend some time with her other daughter, Mrs. Norton. Mrs. Delamere received in a handsome black satin gown. Mrs. Bickford wore black lace over white, with deep red roses, and Miss Elsie Keefer, one of her always graceful and dainty gowns, a delicate grey with trimmings of silk fringe. The tea-table was under the care of Mrs. Crowther, chaperoning Miss Delamere, the Misses Keating, Miss Ermatinger of St. Thomas, Miss Armour, Miss Kane, Misses Ryerson, Miss Robertson and Miss Beatrice Delamere, who were assisted by a lot of their young men friends in looking after the company. Plenty of fine 'mums' beautified the drawing-room and the tea-table, which glowed with the light of many candles in tall silver candelabra.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell of Quebec spent a few days in town on their wedding trip, and received many congratulatory calls at the Arlington in the early part of the week.

The last of the Dante lectures, which have been delivered on Saturday afternoons in Professor Clark's most interesting and charming style, was given last Saturday at St. George's Hall, and those who have been able to attend the series have found their appreciation and knowledge grow with each attendance.

Mrs. Long of Woodlawn receives on the first and second Mondays, and has been warmly welcomed to her new home by Toronto friends. Miss Elizabeth Long is visiting her uncle, Mr. Long, in Collingwood.

A marriage in which many are interested took place very quietly in Truro, Nova Scotia, on Saturday, when Miss Georgie Archibald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald of Halifax, and Mr. Elliston, A.D.C. to Sir Charles Parsons, were married. The marriage was to have taken place some time ago, but Miss Archibald fell ill into health, and was sent to the healing Muskoka region, where she remained a year until cured. That her delayed happiness may be all the greater is the hearty wish of many friends, and the still more numerous coteries who esteem her mother, the ardent temperance worker and humanitarian, and her clever elder brother, Dr. Tom Archibald of our own city. Mr. Elliston (who holds the rank of lieutenant) and his bride are to spend some time in California.

In the shake-up and reorganization of certain military posts and officers, Colonel Gravelley of the Stores Department receives the post of General Superintendent at Toronto.

The Argonaut Rowing Club will give their annual dance shortly after New Year's at the King Edward.

The Trinity Athletic dance in Convocation Hall, and the sunburst ball at the Royal in Hamilton for Miss Hendrie's debut, were some of the engagements conflicting on Wednesday evening of this week.

Kindly little notes from Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead to those out-of-town friends who had accepted invitations to her dance at the Royal on Wednesday bade such as were not obliged to leave on Thursday morning to luncheon at Holmstead on that day.

The marriage of Miss Anna E. Powell, daughter of Mrs. Charles Sidney Powell of Victoria, B.C., and Mr. S. E. Davidge next Wednesday, December 2nd, at two o'clock.

A very sporty little notice folder comes to remind people that the Bain Book and Stationery Company have their Christmas and New Year calendars on view in their showroom in rear of the Bain Book Store, Yonge street. Lots of new and pretty conceits are to be secured by early and judicious buyers.

Major W. T. Tassie, formerly of Toronto, has become editor of the Dundas "True Banner," the late Alexander Pirie's paper, and is settled in Dundas. Major Tassie had quite a siege of illness before leaving Toronto, but the change and interest in his work, for which he is particularly gifted, will no doubt benefit him. His Toronto friends send him a hearty "bon fortune!"

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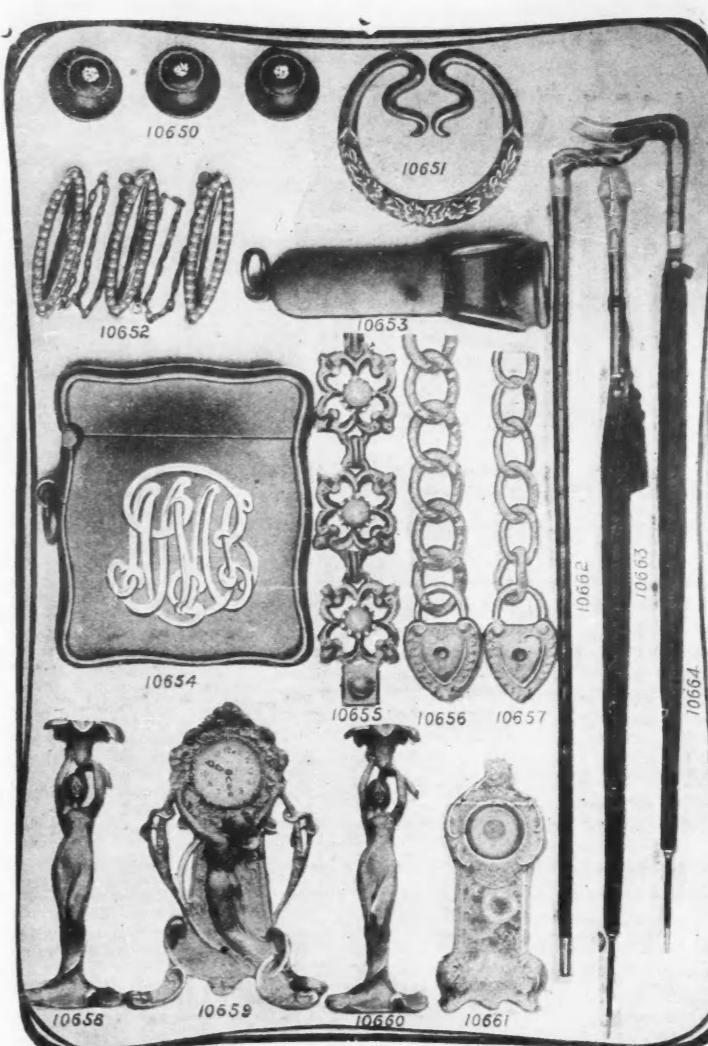
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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No. 10654, Match Box, Heavy Solid Gold.....	25.00
No. 10655, Bracelet, regular length, Sterling Silver with Enamelled Turquoise.....	6.00
No. 10656, Chain Bracelet with Padlock and Key, Sterling Silver, chased.....	1.60
No. 10657, Chain Bracelet with Padlock and Key, Sterling Silver, plain.....	\$1.00
These bracelets are illustrated Nos. 10658 and 10659, three pieces.....	1.00
No. 10658, Walking Stick, Dark Wood and Burnt Ivory and Silver.....	7.00
No. 10659, Ladies' Silk Umbrella, Sterling Silver Handle.....	13.00
No. 10660, Gentlemen's Silk Umbrella, fine Burnt Ivory and Sterling Silver Handle.....	15.00

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"Old Jack."

So great was the modesty of "Stonewall" Jackson that he often found his greatness embarrassing, and he shrank from public notice and applause. Whenever his soldiers caught sight of him they rent the air with their cheers, which he always acknowledged by lifting his hat, and then putting spurs to his horse and galloping away at the top of his speed.

"Little Sorrel," his favorite horse, writes his biographer, seemed to know the signal for this stampede and perhaps it was from these marvelous flights that the "foot cavalry" drew some of their inspiration. Whenever the sound of the "rebel yell" was heard in their camp the soldiers jocularly said:

"That's 'Old Jack,' or a rabbit."

In the movements of the troops about Richmond, on one occasion Jackson and his staff were compelled to ride through a field of uncultivated oats. The owner rushed out upon them with great indignation, vented his rage specially on the general, and demanded his name "that he might report him."

In a quiet tone the name was given.

"What Jackson?" asked the farmer.

"General Jackson," was the reply.

"What?" exclaimed the man as the truth dawned upon him. "what! 'Stonewall' Jackson?"

The man took off his hat with the profoundest respect, and in a voice now all kindness and reverence, said:

"General Jackson, ride over my whole field; do whatever you like with it, sir."

The Lapse of the Higher Education.

She was seventeen when she said:
"Life in its ultimate aspects presents problems which the Socialists and the political economists have not yet been able to solve, and even the most liberal philosophy halts at. In its biogenetic aspect, ontology presents so many diverse mysteries as to make us feel that the highest morality may only be achieved through an infinite series of constantly developing experiments."

She was twenty when she said:
"The human mind cannot hope to solve the mystery of life. It is only through the heart that we can reach the desired haven. I feel that I have wasted my time."

She was forty when she said:

"I would give everything I possess—old boots, shoes, hopes, fears—all, to be loved passionately, foolishly, unreservedly, even intermittently, by almost any kind of a creature that wears trousers!"—Tom Masson in "Life."

"Governor" Was a Lobster.

Almost without bounds were the chagrin and disgust of the Republicans of Rhode Island at the re-election by the Democrats of Governor Garvin, the present Chief Executive of the State. The day after a prominent Providence Republican entered a restaurant in that city at the luncheon hour and, to the astonishment of the lawyers, business men and politicians who were wielding knife and fork, said to the waiter after glancing over the menu card, "Give me a Governor Garvin." Then he whispered something to the waiter. When, a few minutes later, the waiter approached the politician bearing a covered dish, every one in the room was leaning out of his chair and cr

**Kay's Own "Restful."**

Here's a chair that for downright, solid, bone-resting comfort is unequalled.

Different in principle of construction from the stiffly yielding wire back that usually has the same feeling of "give" you might expect in a car spring.

We cannot describe the principle upon which this chair is made, because that is precisely what some of our enterprising competitors would like to know, but this we can say, that Kay's Own "Restful" is, without any exception, the most comfortable chair we've ever seen.

Cushions are plain or soft-tufted.

Some have a long seat, with a short back; some are *vice versa*; some have both high back and long seat; some backs are made soft and yielding like the seat; none are stiff. In some the arms are set high, in others low—some have hard, smoothly-upholstered arms, some flat soft tufting, others no covering.

All are covered with best solid leather throughout.

This chair can take its place in almost any company, sitting room, den or library, bedroom or reception room; and it's stalwart wearing quality makes it a most desirable seat for club-rooms or hotel rotundas. Prices from \$40 to \$60.

Shipped in time for Christmas presentation if desired.

John Kay, Son & Co.

LIMITED.

TORONTO

36-38 KING STREET WEST

Turkish Bath Pleasure

That buoyancy and mild exhilaration one feels after a good Turkish bath comes from a toned up system newly relieved of a lot of waste.

In the hot room, the pores are opened up and nature's drainage, *"The rub down tones up the skin, and the cold plunge or shower sets the whole system dancing, making one feel as good as though the stock market had taken a twenty-point jump.*

Then, Cook's is such a cosy place to rest in afterwards.

The recent alterations have made Cook's the most complete and comfortable Bath in America—with the most modern steam room.

Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King Street West, Toronto.

PATTI**PRAISES VIN MARIANI**

*"To Mons. Mariani, in remembrance of his excellent wine,
ADELINA PATTI."*

PATTI—Adelina Jeanne Marie—was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1843. She made her first public appearance in New York, 1859. She married Nicolini, the tenor.

VIN MARIANI
Has Wonderful Effect Upon Voice

Vin Mariani is the only Tonic which gives full, clear voice. It braces and unites the nerves, clears the brain, gives elasticity to the muscles, enriches the blood, drives away disease, makes the sick well, combats all weakness.

It Has Benefited Millions.

**Social and Personal.**

On each outgoing train to Hamilton on Tuesday were parties of guests making their way to the Royal, or to the various hospitable homes in Hamilton, where they were to "put up" for as much of the night as was left after the Hendrie ball. This glorious, good time began about 9 o'clock, when Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie took their places at the entrance of the ballroom, or rather the twin ballrooms, and began the shaking of hands and welcoming of their dear five hundred friends. The hostess wore a buttercup yellow tinted gown, with tiny French embroideries in pale mauve, and a pretty sash falling from the modish little basque of the bodice. A bit of exquisite white lace en berthe and a little crown of diamonds and other ornaments finished the handsome costume. Beyond her father and mother stood the debutante, Miss Phyllis, youngest child of Holmstead, in a soft white Liberty satin, with bertha of silver and pearl lace, and panels of the same from belt to hem of the soft, full dress. On the side of her simply dressed hair, which she wore in a plain pompadour, rested a little wreath of tiny pink roses, and another little wreath was fastened on the front of her gown, near the hem. A splendid bouquet of pink roses was carried by the debutante, for pink was the color note of this delightful debut. The ballroom was garlanded with smilax, and between the pillars all about the frieze were hung large, graceful baskets, brimming with pink roses. The circle of electrics which glowed in the center of the room was banked and filled with moss, and huge, exquisite pink roses sprung from the green in charming, fresh beauty. The arches above the musicians' platform were curtained with portieres of smilax, and between the green ropes many a sweet face peeped out on the radiant scene below. The lower and second floors were reserved for the guests, and the arrangements were simply perfect. The grand corridor and sitting-out places gave on the ballroom, and the chaperones had no dull moments watching the bright and animated dancers. During the programme two splendidly danced Scotch reels alternated with waltzes and two-steps, the Highlanders dancing in full uniform and delighting connoisseurs by their grace and lightness, while their fair partners, in exquisite gowns, glided with them through the maze steps dear to the Scottish heart. Major Hendrie's pair of pipers marched up and down the ballroom before each reel and sounded the call to the dance. A sumptuous supper was served in several apartments. A big, improvised banquet-room was canvased and draped with brilliant flags, and the hotel cafe and extra rooms were also pressed into service for the regalement of hundreds at the same moment.

The music was excellent, time and tune being perfect and plenty of the latest popular airs being woven into the rhythm of the dance. Torontonians were not slow to praise the Hamilton orchestra, which added so much to the success of the evening. The memory of Miss Phyllis Hendrie's debut will be for most of us a veritable "time of roses," for it was easy to believe that the conservatories were absolutely emptied into the Royal on Wednesday night. As Swinburne says: "It was roses, roses, everywhere." A huge cornucopia of the crisp pink beauties hung over the entrance arch of the ballroom, the tribute of a great friend to fair Phyllis.

In the hot room, the pores are opened up and nature's drainage, *"The rub down tones up the skin, and the cold plunge or shower sets the whole system dancing, making one feel as good as though the stock market had taken a twenty-point jump.*

Then, Cook's is such a cosy place to rest in afterwards.

The recent alterations have made Cook's the most complete and comfortable Bath in America—with the most modern steam room.

Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King Street West, Toronto.

**PIANO QUESTIONS**

Where Shall I Buy a Piano?

Which Piano Shall I Buy?

Very pertinent questions these and in the mind of every piano buyer, even though not always expressed, when every manufacturer puts forward apparently good claim to superiority over all others.

We manufacture pianos that are the embodiment of the latest thought in piano building, that are, in fact, the culmination of piano excellence, still this does not prevent our recognizing merit wherever it appears, and so instead of insisting on their "superior points" to the detriment of other pianos, we show them side by side in fair and friendly competition with artistic pianos by makers of established reputation such as KNABE, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, HARD-MAN and MENDELSSOHN.

In no other way can a comparison be made that will enable the purchaser to properly estimate the qualities of a piano. If you will give it a trial, you will find it pay you, as in our system of selling pianos we have but one scale of prices, and that—a fair price for each instrument.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
HAMILTON WAREROOMS

66 King Street West.

bright sister-in-law, Miss Begg, who wore a very pretty white gown, with small rings of green ribbons. Miss Muriel Barwick was in pale green, and looked very nice. Captain Harold Bickford, Mr. Jack Cawthra and Mr. Oscar Bickford came up in their autos, as did also some others, enjoying the ride in spite of the cold.

Mrs. Albert Gooderham, whose ill-health has secluded one of the sweetest and bonniest of our young matrons for all too long a period, was removed from her suite at the King Edward last week to Mrs. M. R. Gooderham's home in St. George street. I am very glad to hear that she has had excellent nights, and is improving daily in strength, and hope soon to see her about again. On every hand one hears kind enquiries and wishes for her speedy restoration.

Mrs. Street of Walmer road entertained some young people at dinner on Wednesday.

Very few Toronto people, compared to the smart exodus of years ago, troubled themselves about the Horse Show in Gotham last week. There were good prizes falling to Canadians, as usual, and some of our sporty people "had a look," but interest seems quite transferred to the "game of the out-of-doors," as a Frenchwoman recently arrived calls golf.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin returned from Montreal after a week of golf jollifications and a very regretful good-bye to the Adair girls, who will get a royal welcome if ever they are good enough to revisit Canada. Miss Greene of Drummond street has persuaded them to remain a little longer for a rest. During their visit Mr. and Mrs. Austin were entertained with their young people at Mrs. Yates' (nee Bunting of Toronto) tea, and in the evening dined at the Forest and Stream Club. The doings at the St. James' Club were not "en train," as intended, the girls being really tired out, and Mr. Austin deciding they were entitled to some rest from entertaining. A glorious day in Quebec, where they were "tea'd" by Mrs. Meredith, president of the golf club, and visiting Montmorency Falls, the Duke of Kent's house, the "Little Shop" which charmed them one and all. Miss Adair only had a tone-hole try at the Montreal links with Miss Young and Miss Bond for company, before the cold interfered. The Misses Adair will probably sail for Ireland the second week in December, via New York, where they will shortly visit Mrs. Griscom at her Gotham house. A story has been circulating about a certain fiance whose fair "champion" postponed her marriage on the plea that she hadn't time for anything but golf this year. It rather bears the earmarks of a concocted yarn, as the most intimate friends of the champion have heard nothing whatever about it.

On Tuesday evening a young folks' progressive euchre was given by Mrs. Sylvester for Miss Hiam of Montreal, who is visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller. A novel and attractive scheme for pairing the guests was the selection of hero and heroine of some well-known play, novel, poem, who were each given a little gold wire bracelet, on which a bangle held the name of the character for which they must find the correct mate. So Dick Heldar went looking for Maisie, the Prince of Pilsen, hunted up Mrs. Crooker, John Alden found demure and mischievous Priscilla, and so on, until all were properly paired. This idea should command itself to people liking a clever, new departure of sufficient interest to begin an evening successfully. The prizes were won by Miss Dalton, "Priscilla," and Mr. E. Monck, "John Alden." Supper and a jolly dance brought the evening to a close.

Principal and Mrs. Maedonald have sent out invitations to an At Home at St. Andrew's College, on December 11th, at 8:30 p.m.

Mrs. Clark of 70 Trantby avenue gave a tea on Wednesday in honor of Miss Burn of Ottawa, who is her guest this week.

XMAS FURS

IT'S time now for you to think of some particularly nice furs for Xmas gifts or Xmas wear, such as **Stoles, Collarettes, Boas, Capelines and Muffs.**

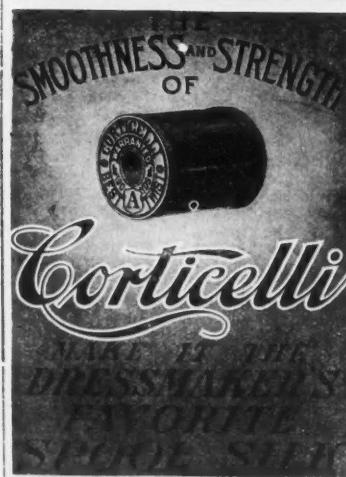
We have manufactured some beautiful lines of these in Russian, Hudson Bay and Alaska Sable; Chinchilla, Ermine, Mink and Mole Skin; Persian Lamb and Alaska Seal or in combinations of these furs. Also we have imported some new and catchy designs from Paris which would make handsome and rich Xmas gifts.

The stole shown in above illustration is made of the best selected Alaska Sable, 72 inches long, 8 tails, four skins, \$18 and \$20.

Order by mail—your money will be refunded if purchase is not satisfactory.

Boas and Muffs in Fox make especially appropriate gifts for young ladies. They are useful and add much warmth and color to a skating costume.

Write for our new Catalogue.
The W. & D. Dineen Co., Limited
Cor. Yonge & Temperance Streets
TOKONTO

**Good Sight Is Precious**

Poor eyesight is a great hindrance to success. If your eyes trouble you, the sooner you have them attended to the better. Your oculist will tell you that we make glasses to suit all vision, -- "first quality" lenses only.

Moderate Prices.

Chas. Potter
OPTICIAN
85 Yonge St. TORONTO

Special Sale
OF
Oriental Rugs

—AND—
CARPETS, PALACE STRIPS, DAMASCUS BRASS ARMOR, etc.

—BY—
Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 King St. East.

(Opposite King Edward Hotel)

This advertisement sale has been very successful. The sale will continue for a month.

The new shipment just arrived will be offered.

CHINA PAINTERS

Mrs. J. B. Young

invites inspection of her importations of **White China** for decorative purposes.

Also . . .

Buttons, Studs, Brooches, Buckles

and other novelties and mountings for same.

Firing and Gilding Done.

Room 1, Medical Building
49 Richmond West.

Mrs. J. B. Young

November 28, 1903

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

Comfortable Wraps Shawls and their prices

Heavy Wrap Shawls
\$2.50 to \$20.00

Real Shetland Shawls
\$1.50 to \$11.00

Orenburg (Imitation Shetland) Shawls
60c. to \$3.00

Fancy Knit Honeycomb Shawls
60c. to \$5.50

Chudda and Cashmere Shawls
\$1.75 to \$6.00

Knit Silk Shawls
\$3.00 to \$4.00

Shetland Wool Spencers
\$1.00

JOHN CATTO & SON
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
TORONTO.
Established 1864.



All our Skirts are
distinguished by their
Graceful Lines and Beautiful Finish.....

We are showing a large variety of the very latest Styles and Fashions, each guaranteed to be the most exacting that the market can desire.

Rough, Unsightly Skin
The Cause : The fall and winter winds.
The Cure : Hooper's Melodrama.
Marvelous in its healing powers. One application all that is necessary. Unexcused for use after shaving.

Mailed anywhere in Canada or U.S. on receipt of 25¢.
Sole manufacturers. Established 1865.

The HOOPER CO., Limited
Phone Main 538 43 King St. West
Phone Branch N. 2297. 467 Bloor St. West

THOMAS'
English Chop House
30 KING ST. WEST

Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining room open on Sundays.



There's no difference of opinion as to which is the best place for Furs. This store has held first place so long, and uses its eminence so well, business grows on continually.

We're doing twice as much now, because the season has been backward. Good Furs are as staple as anything in trade, and yet we're giving surprising values.

Won't you come in, or shall we send you our catalogue?

Seal Jackets \$175.00 to \$300.00
Persian Lamb Jackets 110.00 to 225.00

Fairweathers
84-86 YONGE STREET

Social and Personal.

The energetic and hard working little lady in whose idea of a small coterie of musical friends meeting for practice the ladies' orchestra first took shape is finding the growth of her notion somewhat frightening, with the consequent work and responsibility. The latest announcement from headquarters is as follows: "The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestra Society will give its first entertainment to its associate members and their friends in the American dining-room of the King Edward Hotel, on Thursday evening, December 17, at 8.30 o'clock."



Charles Selwyn, who have been in town since last midsummer, and whose pretty home at 64 Madison avenue was yesterday the rendezvous of many regretful visitors for the last time. The stork's gift to Mrs. Selwyn of a sturdy little daughter—Toronto-born—makes their return to India and to gallant Major Selwyn full of a new interest for all concerned. Miss Selwyn has thriven well in her mother's native city, and will doubtless soon learn to lord it over ayahs and bearers as the first-born of a British officer never fails to do. Her Toronto relatives and admirers wish her heartily "beaucoup de succès."

Mrs. Tudhope (nee McNaught) held her post-nuptial reception at her home, 11 Spadina road, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Thomas Robertson and Mrs. Charles Riggs have issued cards for an At Home at the King Edward on December 1, in honor of Miss Robertson of Vancouver.

Mrs. Willie Lee gave an afternoon progressive on Wednesday.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keeffe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

The Diastase in the Malt aids digestion, and the Hopins insure sound sleep.

One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health.

J. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, TORONTO.

Your Face

It is spotted or blotched with blackheads and pimples? Is it all over? What ought to be is it brown with moth patches? Perhaps it is wrinkled and prematurely faded? Then have a few of our delightful . . .

Face Treatments

With Water Massage, Electricity, Russian Bath, Cold Pack, etc. They fit not hollows, give youthful roundness to face and neck, banish lines, wrinkles and scars, and purify the complexion.

We have an

Excellent Home Treatment for Ladies who Live out of Town, Consultation invited at office or by letter. No expense.

We cure dandruff, falling hair, scalp trouble, etc.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, warts, birthmarks and ruptured veins completely eradicated by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

GRAHAM
Dermatological Institute
502 Church St., TORONTO
Established 1892.

Phone N.
1666

Cut Glass Bowls \$4.00 Each

As nearly as we can tell our prices are 20 per cent. on an average below others. These Cut Glass Bowls that we offer at \$4.00 each are quoted in catalogues at \$5.00. Our price is just \$4.00. Our collection is one of the best in Canada.

Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
168 Yonge St., Toronto

Honey OR MAPLE SYRUP, JELLY
and Milk are simply delicious with
SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT
Sold by all grocers.



MISS LUCE
Late of New York,
8 Carlton Street,
Toronto, Canada.

...Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,
Yonge and Carleton Streets.

THE 1903 "Gibson Girl"

By G. D. Gibson

ALSO NEW PICTURES BY

CHRISTY BAYARD JONES GILBERT

UNDERWOOD CECIL CLAY

and others

See Our Window To-day.

BAIN'S.

96 Yonge Street

SHUR-ON KIRSTEIN'S SHUR-ON

Opera Glasses

comprising our stock are from the most celebrated

We have different styles in pearl inlaid in black.

PRICES RIGHT.

The Culverhouse Optical Company
Phone—Main 4556 Limited
72 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Stationery

Special attention given to the engraving of Dies and Copper Plates. The newest styles in Stationery and Cards.

MISS E. PORTER WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
47 King Street West

ELKS

Next to the JOY of being an Elk is the pleasure in wearing a new Lapel button.

Call and see them.

JAMES D. BAILEY
Jewelry Parlor
75 YONGE, N.E. COR. KING
Elevator. Main 2063

BRUSHES

Tooth Hair Nail Bath Shaving Complexion Shampoo Infant's Cloth Moustache

We have all varieties of best imported Perfumes of which we can sell you any quantity. Allegretti's (original) Chocolates. Try them

W. H. LEE'S
King Edward Drug Store
EAST KING ST.
Phone Main 4600. Open all night.
Branch—Church and Wellesley Sts. Phone N. 103

MAYPOLE SOAP

The Great HOME-DYE

(Made in England)

SUPPLIES the MODERN METHOD

Dyes Any Material Any Color

One trial is sufficient to convince anyone of the superiority of the method of Home-Dyeing supplied by MAYPOLE SOAP. It imparts colors remarkable for purity, evenness and permanence. It is safe to use and can be used without previous experience with perfect results. NO mess or dirt in connection with its use.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere

100 lbs. Bar Colors 10 lbs. Powdered Colors

Canadas Depot: 8 Place Royale, Montreal

FREE If you have not used MAYPOLE SOAP, cut out and send us this ad. and we will send you a Cake of any color with Book on Home Dyeing

FREE

CROMPTON'S Style 505

Bias cut, low bust, medium hip—made of the finest imported coutille—white and drab—a new and elegant design—a corset that is absolutely unapproached by ladies inclined to empoinpoint.

Sold by all leading merchants.



HAIR GOODS



The illustration presented here shows how much more attractive a lady can be made with one of our pompadours.

Send for Booklet A, showing all the latest styles in Hair Goods, and a list of the Maple Leaf Toilet Specialists.

JAHN & SON 73½ King St. West, Toronto.



This is the keynote of our establishment, and if the most select Hair Goods or Styles of Hair Dressing are wanted

DORENWEND'S is the place to go for them. We are always in touch with the newest styles.

Write for Catalogue.

103-105 YONGE STREET



Are to their favored possessor one of the greatest boons conferred by nature. Every woman of intelligence knows the supreme value of her hair, and is not apt to in any way neglect it. She knows from experience that no matter what it may be she requires for her hair the only really satisfactory place to get it at

PEMBER'S

Whether it be a fetching and graceful Pompadour Bump, or an ultra-tidy and dainty natural wave by the French Wave Switch, whether it be a simple Hair Ornament, The Pember Store is the Mecca of the woman who wants only the best.

We have issued a very valuable little book, full of Hair Suggestions. Yours for the asking or by mail.

Pember's Turkish Baths.

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Pember Store

127-129 YONGE ST., TORONTO

The Corset Specialty Co.

112 Yonge St., Toronto

1st Floor over Singer Office.

Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Hose Supporters also made.

Imported Corsets always in stock.

Repairing and refitting on any make of Corsets neatly done.

Reliable Agents Wanted.

L. A. STACKHOUSE

MANICURING and CHIROPODY

For ladies, gentlemen and children. Curves, bunionous, ingrowing nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointment Main 1894.

166 KING ST. WEST (Opposite Princess Theatre)

Already are their Toronto friends beginning to deplore the approaching departure of Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Fairweather.

The Making of the Climax.

By ELIZABETH McCACKEN.

LIVIA chanced to look up and smile at the very moment that William parted the portieres of the dining-room doorway, and stood shyly waiting to attract his mother's attention. William thought that she smiled at him, and though he was only seven years old, his cheeks flushed with pleasure. He involuntarily went to Olivia's side, and gazed up into her bewitching face with wonder and admiration and delight. She was surely the most beautiful lady he ever had seen; and William had seen many beautiful ladies, for his father and mother knew a great many, and they were continually bursting upon William like the queens and princesses of his fairy books. He was accustomed to them, and usually he was not particularly interested in them; they talked about things he did not understand, and they kissed him, and altogether he found them embarrassing.

But this one—none of the other beautiful ladies had been like her! She made William's heart quite thump against his side, she was so beautiful! Her eyes were gray, but they were so softly bright that they seemed to be black; she had an exquisitely sweet and sensitive mouth; and when she smiled, her whole face became transfigured with a dreamy radiance. William was enchanted.

"This is my son, William," he heard his mother say; and true to habit, William put his small, sun-burned hand into Olivia's hand, and murmured, "How do you do?" in his sweet little treble.

Olivia looked down at him, and smiled again. "What a dear little boy," she exclaimed, and Willie realized that her voice, too, was beautiful—and different from the other beautiful voices he had heard.

He was a dear little boy, and by no means an unsightly one. His hair was brown and curly, and his blue eyes shone like stars in his happy, healthy little face. His mother had seized him that day upon his return from school, and dressed him in his gala day finery of white patent leather suit, silk stockings and patent leather slippers.

"Now, dear," she had said, as she fastened under his broad collar the silk scarf whose blue was exactly the color of his eyes, "Bridget will bring your luncheon up here to you. Be careful to keep yourself tidy; and at dessert time you may come down; I'll send Bridget to tell you when." She kissed him in a preoccupied way, and hurried down stairs.

William was accustomed to all these things. He made no comment; he ate his luncheon, being careful to keep himself tidy, and then curled himself up in the nursery window-seat to watch the carriages and the people, and to wait for Bridget. When she came to summon him, he scrambled to his feet, and ran down to the dining-room. His mother frequently gave luncheons for beautiful ladies, and all these circumstances were usually attendant upon these festive occasions.

But this lady was so unlike all the others! She actually made William believe she was different. "I'm sorry, little boy," she said, "but this, too, and William had drawn back, shily, unhappily; but when Olivia said it, his cheeks flushed a deeper pink, and he came nearer: "I—I love to!" he replied, with a whole-hearted fervor in his baby voice.

There were a number of other ladies present, and they all laughed merrily. William's mother laughed, too, but Olivia only smiled, and her face was lovelier than ever as she bent to receive William's kiss. "I like you," William whispered; "oh, I like you so much! You are so pretty—and nice." Then, Olivia did laugh; but she put her arm around the little boy, and kissed him again on his warm, sun-brown cheek. "I like you, too," she said.

And this was the beginning of their friendship. Ordinarily, William remained at his mother's luncheons no longer than necessity demanded; but on that memorable day, he lingered, standing beside Olivia's chair, his hot little hand resting lightly on her shoulder. The other ladies appeared to be exceedingly amused. William knew very well that their mirth was caused by his interest in Olivia, but he was unabashed. Olivia was so wonderful; he was utterly at ease in her presence; even his mother's half-smile did not disconcert him. He stood and looked up into Olivia's face with fearless, unselfconscious admiration and liking.

Olivia found herself taken by storm. She was not unused to admiration and liking; on the contrary, she was sated with just these things. She had been flattered and courted very nearly all her life, not only by the great of the earth, but also by the small. William was not the first clear-eyed little child to gaze at her with parted lips and adoring eyes. Yet, for the inexplicable reason, or no reason that governs all friendships, Olivia was more touched and pleased by William than she had been even by sundry very ornate personages, who had been no less delighted to honor her. Her heart was quite amazingly warmed by the pressure of the small hand on her shoulder; and when she was leaving, and William earnestly invited her to come again—a great many times again—she smiled more enchantingly than before, and kissed him, and promised that she would.

She did, too; and one day, William's mother took him to see her. To his surprise and joy, he found that she lived comparatively near his home, in a perfect palace of a house, a house with marble stairways and mirrored walls, and palms and flowers and music and glittering lights. "It's just the kind of house she would live in," he said rapturously to his mother.

His mother laughed. "It's a hotel," she said; but William's satisfaction did not ebb; hotel, he reflected, must be another name for a fairy princess's castle. It lacked not one of the customary accessories—fair ladies in pretty dresses; knightly courtiers, whose habiliments were indeed less gorgeous than those of the fairy tales, but still were resplendent with rows upon rows of bright buttons; even small pages; and dainty little court girls. It certainly was in just such a place that his beautiful friend naturally would live!

William said as much to her; and she laughed just as his mother had, and said, also, "It's a hotel."

"I like it," William exclaimed. "Do you always live here?" he added, suddenly. He went over and stood beside Olivia and put his hand on her shoulder, just as he had done when first he saw her.

She smiled at his eagerness. "Not always here," she replied, "but I always live in a hotel somewhere—"

"I thought so," William interrupted, joyously. "You would; you are just like a real princess out of a story."

Olivia laughed; but she kissed him, and gently moved his hair back from his forehead. "But I like smaller houses better," she said. "I think your house is much, much neater than this."

William regarded her earnestly. "Would you rather live in it?" he asked.

"Much rather," Olivia replied.

William's cheeks flushed. "Then come," he said, warmly, "come right along. We—we'd love to have you—shouldn't we, mother?"

He did not understand why they laughed; but he soon understood too well that Olivia must continue to live in hotels. "Shall you be in this one long?" he enquired, wistfully.

"Who can say?" Olivia returned; and she smiled almost sadly.

"Nonsense, my dear," his mother said, rather fiercely, "of course it will succeed; you'll be here all winter!"

"The climax fell perfectly flat; the fate of the play is in the climax," Olivia said, doubtfully; "you have no idea how flat it fell—"

His mother interposed: "Yes, my dear, I have! But this isn't the village of Eatonton; this is New York."

"Yes—that's just the point," Olivia agreed, dejectedly. "If Eatonton was disappointed and bored, what will New York be?"

"Don't talk like this two days before your first night in New York; I forbid it!" said William's mother, with affectionate firmness.

"Two days! I shall be here just two days more, William," Olivia said, half playfully, half seriously to the little boy.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed William's mother vehemently.

"May I come to see you both days?" said William.

"Come to luncheon with me to-morrow," Olivia said, smiling at him.

William's mother protested that she was too busy to be troubled with him, but Olivia insisted that she was not—and that, moreover, she shouldn't be "troubled" with him, quite the reverse—and that he must come. William went as early the next morning as he could coax his mother into allowing. He had not before had Olivia all to himself; indeed, a great many other persons had almost always shared his other visits with her. They had quite monopolized her attention, too, leaving William to stand silently near, looking at her, while she talked to them. He was puzzled about several things concerning her, but the other people had actually given him no opportunity to ask for explanation.

"It has color enough," she said, briefly, and taking William's hand, she led him out into a narrow passage.

"Take up into my train," she said, "and hold on to my throne; then drop it, and when I sit, you sit, too, on the steps of the throne. That's all you have to do. Do you understand?"

"Yes," William said, happily, "it's just like it is in the fairy books."

Olivia smiled. "Don't forget," she said, as they went from the dim, shabby little hall into the splendid brilliantly illuminated throne room. William was rather puzzled by the difference between the various apartments of this new castle, but he did not forget the instructions of his princess. He dropped her train the instant she stepped upon the platform of her throne; and when she seated herself in the gilded chair, he sat on the lowest of the steps, looking up at her, smiled admiringly, adoringly, just as he always did. To Olivia's surprise, and no less to her amusement, the audience laughed with pleasure at his performance.

She talked to all the people in the throne room except William. They were dressed very finely, these courtiers, but they were just like the other people of William's acquaintance; they monopolized Olivia, and gave him no chance to speak to her. Once, she turned and addressed him, and involuntarily William arose, and going up the steps, stood beside her throne, his hand on her shoulder, and his cheek against her arm.

His mother clutched his father's hand; a sudden quickening of interest made it apparent in the audience. The much-dreaded climax was near. Olivia smiled down upon William, and he did not see the man coming, the man with the long knife and the wicked face, until the man bounded up the steps, to the throne, and pointed the knife at Olivia herself, who sprang to her feet, trembling and frightened, grasping her dress with one hand and the jewels of her dress with the other. She was too terrified to speak; her smile faded away, her lovely eyes opened wide with helpless fear.

This was the climax, but William did not know it. He only knew that the wicked man meant to hurt Olivia with the long knife. His rosy cheeks became white; all Olivia's terror and anguish were reflected in his baby face. He gave a heartbroken cry that resounded through the theater, and flung himself in the way of the wicked man. "You shouldn't," he shouted, in his sweet, high voice, "you shan't hurt her!" He threw his arms around Olivia's waist, and looked over his shoulder at the man the long knife. He was pale and frightened, but he was angry too, and defiant, and determined to protect his beautiful princess. "How dare you?" he demanded, indignantly. "How can you?" he continued, his voice breaking. "How can you want to hurt her, her, when she is so—so—just what she is?"

A big sob quite choked him. To his intense relief, some soldiers caught the wicked man, and held him, and took away the long knife. Then, there was a great noise. William raised his wet eyes to Olivia's face. Her face no longer had the frightened look, but it had another look, a look so amazed, so grateful, so tender, that it quite overcame William's last vestiges of self-control. He hid his own face on Olivia's velvet and jewels, and shook with sobs. Olivia bent over him, and kissed him,

better than to see 'em, I s'pose you'll want to pop half. It's harder, poppin', but—"

"We both like it better," concluded Olivia, kissing him tenderly.

"He understands so well," she thought as she bade him good-by, "and he is nothing but a nice, happy little boy!"

She persuaded his mother to bring him to that first night in New York, of which there had been so much discussion between them. "He may be my mascot," Olivia said, "do let him come!" William's mother demurred, but she consented; and William came and sat in the box with his father and mother, clasping a huge bunch of pink roses in his hands. Olivia saw him the moment she stepped upon the stage. She smiled to herself, and actually felt a trifle reassured regarding the climax, which had been such a failure on that first night all in Eatonburg.

The play was very gorgeous, and Olivia wore the most marvelous dresses and jewels that William had ever seen. He positively trembled with delight. But not many of the other persons in the crowded theater were especially interested. "Nothing but a strong climax can save it," William heard his father say. "And she says the climax is hopelessly weak," his mother replied gravely.

He presently found himself back in the small room in which they had dressed him in the yellow satin. His mother was there, and she took off the yellow satin, and the yellow stockings and rossettes, and dressed him in his own white serge and black stockings and bows. Olivia, assisted by her maid, was rapidly putting on still another robe and still other jewels. Her eyes were very bright, and she stopped every other moment and kissed William.

"Do you remember asking me about the climax," she said, as she left him at the door.

"Yes," William replied, "you said it fell flat."

Olivia gave him an impulsive embrace. "It didn't to-night," she said, looking at William's mother, "it's sold!"

And it soared on all the following nights. Olivia remained in New York, at the hotel, very, very many more than two days. The morning after that exciting first night, the writer of the play wrote a little page into the climax. A litlly curly-haired girl, dressed in the yellow satin, the yellow stockings, and the rossettes, acted the part. Every night she sat on the steps of the throne and smiled; every night she stood by Olivia's side; and clasped her about the waist, and looked over her shoulder at the wicked man, and said the very words that William had said; and every night there was the great noise, and the curtain went up and down many times. The little girl did exactly as William had done, except that she did not rest her hand on Olivia's shoulder. The manager had indeed suggested it, but Olivia had smiled faintly, and said, "No," in a decided tone of voice.

William knew nothing of all this. It was enough for him that the climax had soared, and that, consequently, he was composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

He did not ask to go a second time to the theater; and Olivia saw that he had not understood. One day, at a reception which his mother gave, and to which he was allowed to come, Olivia began to explain to him that the man with the long knife had been only pretending, that he had not meant really to hurt her. "He behaved like he really meant to," William replied irreverently; and Olivia laughed, and said to a man who was standing near, "Do you hear that? I congratulate you." And the man laughed, too, and shook hands with William, which William would never have suffered had he known that the man was no other than the very one who had bridled to foreign countries; his curtain call on the stage might agitate the little page!

Another man came also, and shook hands with him, and called him his "esteemed collaborator," and remarked to Olivia that his name ought really to be put in the programme. William did not understand what it was all about, but he saw that Olivia was pleased, that everyone was pleased, and he smiled happily.

The little girl who acted the part of the page did it very charmingly, but she had her limitations, as Olivia accidentally discovered. "What do you think of my little page?" she asked a mighty dramatic critic one day.

"She is very clever," the critic replied, "but why didn't you keep that little boy you had on the first night? He was superb."

Olivia did not explain, but that very afternoon she went to William's home to pop corn with him. They crunched on the rug before the nursery fire, and popped enough to fill the box in which William's nine-pins belonged. Olivia popped half of it; though, as William had said it would, it did make her face all too hot, and her arms ache.

"Do you do it just fine," William said, approvingly, "you know how?"

"So do you," Olivia returned.

William moved nearer. "Yes, we both know how," he said, seriously. "Some people don't; it burns for them, or doesn't pop at all. It won't—won't—climax for them."

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November 28, 1903

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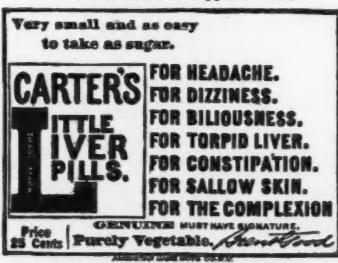
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Reigning Again.

A brief review of English history, for use in schools and families.

WILLIAM II. was surnamed Rufus. Some historians say that he had red hair and got the nickname that way; but most agree that it was on account of his jovial, ruddy, Father-Christmasy complexion that he came by his pet name. I do not go so far as to say that William actually drank, but it was well known at little West End outings and annual banfeasts that William could keep a bottle ahead of the crowd all the time. Of course, a thing like this acts differently on different people. Some chaps want to get up and break the looking-glasses and the table crockery after the third bottle; others want to lay their weary heads on another fellow's lap and weep bitterly. But William was not like that. He just sat in his chair and turned redder, and when the front part of his face had got to be as red as his necktie the courtiers would nudge each other and pass around the hint that it was time to agree with everything that William said, and to laugh at even his silliest jokes.

Among other good qualities, William was a perfect dasher with the girls. He was never married, as he used to say he could never find his mind on one girl long enough. He would sit down in the gloaming and tell Polly that she was the only girl he had ever loved. Then, just at that moment Maudie would go by, and William would ask Polly to excuse him a moment while he went and proposed to Maudie. That's the advantage of being a king. If William had been a mere, ordinary person, the girls would have had him in the breach of promise court every month; and very likely an extra jealous specimen of the race would have broken her umbrella over his head or sent him a spiteful valentine. But, as the poet says, there's such divinity doth hedge a king that he can do pretty well as he blame pleases.

As will be easily understood, William's large and varied experience of the course of true love was not acquired without some expense. It is well known that nothing teaches like experience. But the fees at that school are high; and even a king can't get champagne suppers on credit for long. It is alleged against William that his favorite method of raising money was by knocking it out of the persons. There was the case of Anselm, for instance. After the death of Archbishop Lanfranc, William kept the see of Canterbury vacant for four years, and said he would run the Church himself. The tenants were told to step round on quarter day and pay their rents to the King, and not to anyone else, as he had no agents and only his personal receipt was genuine. William scooped in quite a comfortable little annuity in this way for some time; and then all at once he found that the people were not quite satisfied with the way he was running the Church. They didn't think it was quite the cheese for their so-called bishop to be seen out with a different girl every Sunday morning, and so they appointed Anselm as Archbishop instead. William said that was all right; but, of course, Anselm would have to pay the usual stamps and fees for his promotion. William fixed the fees at £5,000. Anselm said he guessed £500 would be quite sufficient; and William moistened the palm of his hand surreptitiously with his tongue, and told Anselm to "go on again." After a while the two dealers came to high words; and, in the words of the historian, Anselm "found it advisable to return to the Continent for a while." William did not, of course, actually resort to personal violence. But on the day that Anselm called at the palace to renew the discussion, he was struck by the comprehensive assortment of cutlery and things carelessly laid out on the council table. While he was waiting for the King he examined the collection, and found a sword, five battle-axes, a knotted club, a nose-slitter, two thumb-screws, one pair of red-hot pincers, and one small cauldron full of boiling lead. William may have been fairly green in commercial matters; but when it came to striking a bargain, it seems to me he could arrange all the preliminaries for success with a completeness that left nothing to be desired. Anselm seems to have noticed something of the kind himself, and hence his modest and retiring attitude.

Although William was not exactly a hustler, he could, when fairly roused, make things hum for the opposition when he saw that it had got to come to a fight. One evening while he was at supper with a friend, news was brought to him that his army had arrived in Normandy, and were now waiting for him to cross the Channel and lead them on to victory or thereabouts. William at first said that there was no hurry, and he wanted a message sent to Normandy, asking whether the French bar-

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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The Drama.

FRANCES AYMAR MATTHEWS, whose play, "Pretty Peggy," has scored another striking success for Grace George, probably has fewer of the eccentricities supposed to be inseparable from genius than any other author in America. A plain little woman of fifty, with a sweet, kindly face, she dresses inconspicuously and is possessed of so quiet a manner that her presence rarely excites attention where she is not known. Miss Matthews is a great believer in the potency of work, and she writes an average of eight hours a day, dividing this period by lunch and her regular walk. During the spring and summer she wrote "Pretty Peggy," dramatized her story "My Lady Peggy Comes to Town," and completed a comedy for Julia Marlowe. Miss Matthews' other works include "At the Sign of the Shippe," "The Long Ago," and "A Little Tragedy at Tien Tsin," the story which created a literary furore two years ago when it was published in "Harper's."

At the Princess Theater during the last week, the play, "Captain Charlie," with Aubrey Boucicault in the title role, has proved a strong attraction. Theodore Burt Sayre has written a romance of the time of Napoleon, taking two incidents and a number of the characters from Charles Lever's famous novel, "Charles O'Malley." The play is somewhat lacking in unity of conception, but of the excellent qualities of Aubrey Boucicault's acting there can be no doubt. He takes the part of the dashing, devil-may-care, lovable Irishman with a spirit that must be "con amore." He no doubt inherits dramatic ability from his father, the versatile Hon. Boucicault. He wins the audience at the start with his impetuous grace and delightful brogue and is the ideal hero to the close. He is, of course, poverty-stricken and is in love with Lucy Dashwood, who seems far removed from him until old General Blake frees the lad's estates from debt. The villain of the play, Captain Hammersley, fights a duel with the young captain, whom he wounds. Then the scene changes from restless Ireland to Spain, where Captain Charlie is charged with treason, and on his refusal to deliver up the letter which he holds—a letter which involves a woman's honor and the happiness of his benefactor, General Blake—is arrested and sentenced to be shot. The fourth act brings the discovery and punishment of the villain, and ultimate joy for the lovers. Martin L. Alsop is a properly wicked Hammersley, while A. W. Stewart takes the part of that fine old soldier, General Blake, in most happy-style. V. M. de Silke is an ideal English "dude" as Lieutenant Sparks. Beatrice Morgan is striking in her delineation of Mrs. Blake, a selfish, passionate woman, with flashes of generous feeling, while Ruth Holt makes dainty, disdainful Lucy Dashwood. The stage setting and the costumes of a hundred years ago are effective and picturesque. Irish songs and jests and love-making, with a strong dash of Irish fighting, contribute to make "Captain Charlie" a distinct success.

Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Girl and the Judge," the attraction at the Grand this week, was heartily enjoyed by a number of theater-goers who hailed with appreciation change from the heavier plays and light musical comedies that have been offered so far this season. Miss Eleanor Montell, in the stellar role, was most attractive as Winifred Stanton, a young girl with a kleptomaniac mother, and a father addicted to drink. In her efforts to prevent discord in the family, she is very winsome and natural, and her charm leaves its impress on the heart of the young judge of the State, George Chartis, to whom the husband and wife have appealed to procure a formal separation. Unpleasant complications arise, owing to the theft of a jewel belonging to Chartis's mother, but the piece has a fairly satisfactory ending, for both mother and son, for the girl's sake, endeavor to shield the culprit, who turns out to be Mrs. Stanton. The latter and her husband agree to ensure the daughter's happiness in her marriage with Chartis, to depart quietly and commence life afresh. Mr. Harry Keenan as the youthful judge, though the role calls for no heavy acting, shows himself an artist of no mean merit, while Mr. Oscar C. Apfel, as Stanton, leaves the impression that he is capable of much more than is demanded of him in the present production, of which he is stage manager. Miss Ethel Blane as Mrs. Chartis is at once austere and gracious, and Miss Louise Dempsey as the ladyland who has "seen better days" furnishes some wholesome, if mild, amusement. Miss Beatrice Thorne as Mrs. Stanton is good, while the other members of the cast do fair work in the minor parts.

The imported olio at Shea's this week is one of sterling worth—Hyde's comedians, direct from Hyde and Behman's Theater, Brooklyn. Many excellent turns are offered. Cole and Warner, German comedians, are extremely funny, and Hill and Whittaker's musical turn is an enjoyable one. The Piccolo Midgets are on the bill. These little people have been here before, and are quite popular. Bennett and Young's illustrated songs are certainly good and make a pleasant revival of an almost extinct portion of the up-to-date vaudeville bill. Many other clever acts are included in this week's programme.

A return engagement and good houses speak well for "The Little Outcast," the offering at the Majestic Theater this week. The piece is done justice by the present company, which includes Miss Anne Blanck and one or two others, favorably known in Toronto.

Miss Sadie Martinot, who stands in the forefront of art for depicting such parts as the Notorious Mrs. Ebbamith, Camille, Sappho, and Countess Zioza, will soon appear here in A. W. Pinero's engrossing study of the social problem whether a woman who has erred can, or should be allowed to, retain her status in society, as set forth in his brilliant play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Miss Martinot's performance of Paula Tanqueray is said to be an artistic and impressive one. Her supporting company is excellent.

The Walter Jones Comic Opera Company, to appear at the Princess Theater next week with a presentation of "The Sleepy King," the most recent and elaborate musical comedy by George V. Hobart and Giovanni Contorno, contains a strong cast. Beautiful voices predominate, and the many musical numbers, twenty-seven in number, receive a treatment not always accorded them in the ordinary company. Among the many song hits are "My Glorianna," "If I were Pierpont Morgan and you were Hetty Green," "Mamie," "In Missouri," "The Girl with the Dimpled Face," "Reuben Red Breast," "The Cigarette Song," and many others.

For next week Mr. Shea has secured a splendid lot of vaudeville feature acts, including Edmond Day & Co., in the sketch called "Shipmates"; Adolph Zink, little man, big comedian; Gallagher, Barrett & Co., Charlotte Guyer George, contralto; Billy S. Clifford, Robertus and Wilfredo, and A. D. Robbins.

Lawn-Bowling.

The following invitation on its receipt was somewhat of a puzzle:

Rach gu tolleach do'n sgoil.
The Trustees of the
Scottish Kindergarten Schule
wad be much oblieged to ha' ye at their
First Gathering
to be held in the Prospect Park Schule Hoose
on Friday nicht, November 20th, 1903,
at 8 o'clock sharp.
J. B. McKay, Principal.
David Carlyle, Sec'y of the Board.
A. S. Wigmore, Q. D. McCullough, Geo. R. Hargrave,
Trustees.

But its purport is to train those bowlers who intend to participate in the coming bowling bonspiel to be held in June and July, 1904, principally in Scotland, so that when competing on Scotch greens the vernacular slogan may not be so much Greek to them. I regretted I was unable to attend the kindergarten, but understand the "schule" was a complete success and the strictest decorum and attention pervaded the class during the instruction given on the blackboard by the principal, J. B. McKay. Fred Laurence was appointed monitor, but his duties were light. The dunce of the school was "Wig" who suffered the extreme penalty of being placed in the corner with the "rule's" cap ensconced on his head. Baile Swabey was an apt pupil, while Geordy Hargrave displayed little of his Irish ancestry. Letters of regret were received from Colonel Hodge of Mitchell, President McCarron of St. Catharines, and Mr. Cartwright of the Hamilton Thistles. The "schule" will be held monthly until proficiency is attained. It should be mentioned after "schule" was out a pleasant social time was held in which Geordy Hargrave excelled in a topical song, a verse of which was laudatory of "Luna" and "Saturday Night."

The following letter explains itself:

St. Louis World's Fair Grounds, Oct. 19, 1903.

Mr. J. W. Greig, chairman of the Olympic Committee on Lawn Bowls, had a conference with Mr. J. D. Sullivan, chief of the Department of Physical Culture, to-day, and arrangements were made for an international competition during the month of August, 1904. Mr. Greig says that a team of English bowlers will participate. The team will be brought over by Mr. Carnichael, secretary to Sir Thomas Lipton. The following programme has been decided upon: August 15, 16 and 17, international tournament; single handed and rink championships at bowling on the green, open to the world. The rules of the Scottish Bowling Association will govern. The entrance fee for the single handed championship will be fifty cents, and that for each team in the rink championship \$2. The following prizes will be given: Single handed championships, first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal. Rink championships, first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal. A handsome trophy will be presented to the club whose team wins the rink championship. Those desirous of competing should notify Mr. Sullivan on or before July 1st, 1904.

LUNA.

The One Meal.

"S" TRORARY thing," said the father, looking at himself in the most reliable corner of the kitchen mirror, "but that kid never seems to properly recognize me, once I've washed me face."

"Be off, off!" urged the mother, distractedly. "Standing there in the way, grumbling, you great 'ulking creature.' He made one more effort to recapture filial affections by turning suddenly and crying in a deep voice, "Pee' bo!" "That's it!" said the mother bitterly. "You always somehow know the right thing to do. Baby won't stop crying now for hours and hours. Did ums, then?" This to the wailing infant. "Did the 'orrid, ugly daddy frightened him, then? Um shan't look what mummy's going to find for baby."

The youth in his high chair did not cease until nearly every article of portable property in the room had been presented to him formally. Even then he declined to reciprocate the ingratiating smiles of his father, turning his round head away each time that parent made advances. On his father giving an imitation of a truculent dog (hitherto received with favor) the baby's mouth began to droop again.

"If you don't go right straight out of this place," said the mother solemnly, "before I count three, ame leave me to cooking. I shall say something you'll be sorry for."

The little woman took threepence from the lustres on the mantelpiece and dabbed the coins and an empty jug down on the table. An hour before on this Saturday afternoon he had brought the sum of his weekly wage and handed it to her in tact. Another threepence she found in her purse.

"Now will you be off?"

"Penny for a shave," he said, counting the coppers thoughtfully, "two pence to spend on riotous livin'."

"Look 'ere," she remarked, "we've argued all this out before, and I am not going to argue it again. If you knew how I had to look after every farthing—" She sighed. "Don't go making a 'og of yourself, and mind you're back on the very stroke of seven, or else not a bit of supper do you have, not if you was the Prince of Wales himself. And if you come across Cyril, box his ears and send him straight 'ome."

"What's the meenu? What are you going to—?"

"Wait and see!" she said, closing the door after him with a slam.

He went slowly to his favorite house, where the jug on his knee, he watched a game of billiards played by the foreman of the works where he was sometimes engaged as odd man, and another; murmuring "Good stroke," when his foreman scored and "Fluke!" when the opponent did well. A friend of his with an injured face volunteered an unconvincing explanation

concerning a lamp-post and went on to discuss wives and the varying character of their tempers. He listened to a political argument near the bar on a question that was dividing the party to which he belonged; difficult in the present instance to know where to give his support, for the clinching argument on either side was, "I'll bet you drinks you're wrong!" His foreman, flushed with success, chatted with him very graciously concerning a job of work that was coming on for the following week, and the two agreed that the building trade was no longer what it was.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!" he cried cheerfully, as he went inside the door. The baby, from his high chair agreeing now to recognize him, laughed dutifully. "What do I smell, mother? Do I detect the agreeable presence of fried liver and bacon, or do my senses deceive me?"

"Where on earth did you get the money to buy that? Take it off the table this minute, you dunderhead! How does the thing work?"

"Our foreman stood me a drink, so I dropped in at the toy-shop round the corner. Ingenious, ain't it?"

"I shouldn't like to make it for the money," she admitted. "Let's see how far it goes on the floor."

The baby intimated presently that, strictly speaking, the clockwork mouse belonged to him; hinted also that he was about to proclaim his rights by indistinct speech, and the two rose from their knees and gave it to him, the mother warning baby that if he dropped it her clear duty would be to send him back at once to the doctor. Baby, apparently desirous of testing the value of this threat, at once let it fall, and while the mother attended to the dancing, fizziling contents of the frying-pan, the father devoted himself to the work of restoring the toy repeatedly to its owner. They were just saying it was about time that young whelp of a Cyril was home, when a whistle was heard in the passage of the model dwellings. The baby made a desperate effort to extricate itself from the trammels of the high chair.

"I could smell it," declared the boy, with enthusiasm, "right away down at the beginning of the street. True as I'm 'ere! All the time I was keeping goal in a game out in Bruce street, I kep' saying to myself, 'Will it be—'"

"Sid down," ordered the mother, not pleased to find so much interest given to her culinary efforts. "You sid down, too, father. Take baby alongside of you. Elbows off the table, Cyril, and say grace. Come on now. When I was young I used to have to say grace at every meal."

"Truly thankful for Amen," growled the boy. "What are you laughing at, sauce-box?" he demanded of the baby, affecting annoyance. "You'll ave to take the job on soon as you can talk."

"Seem to be losing my senses," said the father, self-reproachfully, "or else I never had none. I've forgot to pour out."

"Unless I think of everything," she began, still watchful near the frying-pan. "Cyril, don't let that child try to swallow the plate. You're no more use, any of you, than nothing at all!"

Wonderful to see the change effected by the mere appearance of the smoking, excited dish on the table. Baby made efforts to clap hands, but these being rather small they missed each other; the boy's mouth watered so much that he could not speak distinctly; the father had to take a first sip out of the thick tumbler in order to compose himself, thereby meritizing denunciation from the mother, who said caustically that some people seemed to have no more notion of etiquette than a winkle. The baby, served with a crust dipped in the fat, at once made up its face as a Red Indian.

"Eard a good yarn at the pub. s'afternoon," remarked the father, amusedly. "Supposed to be at a girl's school, and—"

"Don't talk with your mouth full," recommended his wife, "and remember that the children are present."

"And the question's asked. Who most bitterly regretted the 'ome-coming of the prodigal son?' Remember about the prodigal son, don't you, mother?"

"Eard of him somewhere or other. Cyril, you've been at school later than what I ave, who was the—"

"Kin I 'ave a bit more bacon, please?" asked the boy, evasively.

"As I say," repeated the father, "question's asked, 'Who most bitterly regretted the 'ome-coming of the prodigal son?' and it appears the answer ought to be, 'The elder brother,' 'stead of which one girl 'olds up her 'and and says, 'Oh,' she says, 'the fatt'd calf,' she says."

The story was well received, baby showing abnormal development of a sense of humor by laughing until hiccupps came. Father repeated the anecdote, while baby crunched a lump of sugar that had been administered as agreeable remedy. "Best of that yarn is," said father, "that you can tell it in almost any droning room." Mother was urged to make one more endeavor, and recall her riddle, but it appeared she was out of practice, and could remember only the first part of it. "I was out of practice, and could remember only the first part of it."

"Enjoyed your supper?"

"Ain't done badly," replied the father.

"I reckon," said the boy, "that as a matter of fact I could do with a meal like this a bit more often."

"Ungrateful child!" cried his mother. "Why, if you had a early good feed like this more than once a week you wouldn't know how to appreciate it!"

Not His Forte.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, says that a well-known New York manager was recently much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made to him by a most peculiar looking and seedy individual. Time and time again, it appears, the manager had referred this person to his stage manager. "Talk to Blank," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to name his qualifications.

Finally the seedy man in search of a job did seek Blank, the stage manager, who at that time was in the theater, listening to the efforts of candidates for the chorus. As there were a number ahead of him, the peculiar looking individual

would, between songs, interrupt the stage manager with his requests for a job. Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and bade him play an accompaniment for the stranger. With some hesitancy the applicant for a job employed what voice he had in song. It was as bad as bad could be.

Disgusted, the manager stopped him. "And you have the audacity to ask for a job!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"Certainly," replied the man.

"Why, you can't sing a little bit!" said the manager, astounded.

"I don't claim to be able to sing," replied the seedy individual, calmly. "And I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter. I was only singing to please you people!"

Wall Street's Casabianca.

The boy stood on the Shipping Trust,

Whence all but him had fled.

The water that was in the stock

Came almost to his head.

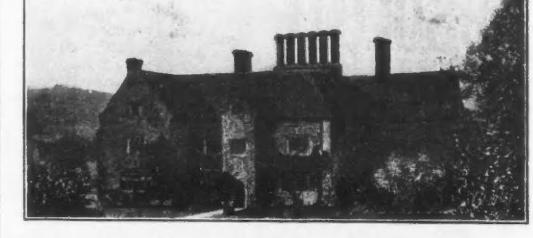
—Chicago "Tribune."

What Saved Him.

Daniel had just been cast into the lions' den.

"To think," he exclaimed, "that I should get down to being a ready-to-serve breakfast food!"

However, seeing his name had no fancy spelling, the sagacious beast passed him by.—"Harper's Bazar."



Rudyard Kipling's present Residence at Burwash, Sussex.

The Humor of Ruskin.

JOHN RUSKIN

Golf's Aftermath.

THE day had changed suddenly—as November days have a way of doing—and the man turned homeward, content for once to leave the golf links behind him.

"Beastly day!" he said to himself, as he shifted his clubs from one numb hand to the other and turned his coat collar up. "I wish I had left these confounded things in the locker. Gad! I'll be glad to get home to a cosy fire and a good hot dinner. Ten days at the club is enough at a time. Poor little Mabel! I wonder what she's been doing with herself all this time. And, by Jove! I forgot all about those papers for Harman. And the gas bill! The devil take it! and I believe my premium was due this week. Golf's all right when you're at it, but it plays the deuce with a man's business. . . . I shouldn't have stayed out there so long. . . . And Mabel—poor little soul—all alone for over a week. Well, never mind, I'll make it up to her."

So ruminating, head down against the biting wind, he turned the corner into his own street, and his spirits rose with a bound. The day was a minor thing, and he ceased to mind that the rain was turning to sleet. He had traveled ahead of himself. Mentally he smelt the comforting odor of soft coal and saw the open grate piled high with blazing lumps. The shaded lights in the dining-room fell softly on the snowy damask and silver of the dinner-table, and with an unconscious smack of his lips he remembered that it was Thursday.

"Chicken night," he said, and swallowed again. "That girl we've got now is a peach. She roasts those birds to a turn. And her oyster soup is scrumptious. Mabel is a regular little trump. Everything always ship-shape and comfortable, and the house as bright as a sixpence. I'd hate like Sam Hill to have a wife like Harvey's—out, out, all day and every day—what the devil's the matter?"

He had rung several times, but got no response. Irritably he rummaged in one pocket after another for his latch-key, and gaining an entrance stumbled into the semi-darkness of the hall. "Mabel!" he shouted. "Mabel!" But there was no answer. Neither was there a fire in the grate, nor any table set for dinner, nor a suggestion of cooking chickens—or cooking anything. Things smelt musty, and as he passed the sideboard he mechanically ran his finger through the dust that coated the surface. "Extraordinary!" he grumbled, as he came back from an empty kitchen. "What the mischief's the meaning of it? I'll ring up the Grants and see if Mabel is there."

But as he took down the receiver, Mabel, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, absolutely unabashed, opened the door and came in with a rush of cool air and the swish of wet skirts. "Sorry, Laurie, dear," she said sweetly, as she dumped a bundle of golf clubs in the corner of the hall and proceeded to pull off her gloves, "but I didn't expect to be so late. Oh, yes, I'm playing golf. I've heard you talk nothing but golf, golf, golf, for a year, so when you went out to Hillside I joined the Lowland club, just to see what the game was like. I had no idea it was so absorbing. It's glorious! Why, dear—"

"Where's the cook?" interrupted the man, with the abruptness born of an empty stomach and many forebodings.

"The cook? Oh, she's gone. I found the luncheon all burnt to a cinder one day and Emma amusing herself with my cleek in the field behind the house. I couldn't stand that. And anyway, she said there was no use in cooking meals for people who were never in at all, or hours late. Cooks won't put up with that sort of thing. Anyway, she's gone. Don't let's talk about her—"

"But, Mabel—"

"But, Laurie, I want to tell you something. You know the hole over the ravine? Well," triumphantly, "I did it today in seven."

"Seven devils!" swore the man, as he glared at the dinner-table, the accumulation of dust over everything, and the heap of cold ashes in the grate. "Have you gone mad, Mabel?"

"Yes, dear, golf mad. I used to wonder how you could neglect your business, and me, and everything else for such a foolish game. Now I sympathize with you. It's grand! I've played every day and all day ever since last Tuesday—"

"The house looks like it—"

"And Laurie, dear, don't scold, but I am absolutely bankrupt. You only left me fifty dollars, you know, to keep things going till you got back, and I haven't a cent, and I haven't—" "

"What!"

"Haven't been able to pay even the butcher. My fees cost me twenty-five—fifteen to join and ten annual—and my clubs twelve, just a cleek, a driver, a brassie, a putter, a niblick and a mashie—I couldn't manage with less, could I?—and the few dollars left went for car fare, balls and caddies, and one or two lunches and teas out there. I had to borrow a car ticket from the steward to get home to-day; and I owe Lumbera for a dozen balls—"

"Could you possibly keep those interesting little items until—"

"He let me have them for forty cents apiece because you got so many, he said, and some rubber tees. They were expensive, but he said you got that kind because you thought they paid in the long run—and a pair of heavy rubber-soled shoes. I don't know what the bill came to, exactly, but I suppose he will make it as reasonable as possible, because I ordered a scarlet coat and a pair of gloves with perforated backs—splendid things! They don't cramp your hands. And the new kind of gafters with large buttons, hand-painted in the club colors. And Hendry says if I get a bag I won't need a caddie except on match days. The little umps are asking thirty cents an hour now. I've paid mine nearly six dollars in the last five days. So I ordered a bag, and Laurie—"

She paused, partly for breath, partly because of the expression on the man's face.

"Go on," he said, in an ominously even voice. "Go on. It doesn't matter that I am wet to the bone, and hungry and cold, that the cook has gone, and the house going to the devil. You play golf. That seems to satisfy you. What else have you bought and ordered in the golf line in the last seven days? Have you thought, incidentally, of ordering anything into the house to eat? Is there anything I can burn in this grate to dry myself?"

"I'll get you something to eat in a second. You're such an impatient fellow. And I'll have a fire in half a minute. But just listen, Laurie, dear. The first time I went round to-day it took me \$2, and the last time I nearly did it in \$0. Wasn't that splendid? Mrs—"

"Are you going to stand there—wet—and talk golf all night to me—wet—or are you—"

But the woman had gone, leaving a trail of mud behind her as she went. Half way up stairs she leaned over the bannister.

"For a year" she said acidly, "you have talked of nothing but puts and holes and mashies and niblicks and lofts and brassies and drives and caddies and spoons and bunkers and hazards and tees till you nearly drove me crazy. Now we are in the same boat."

There was no answer. With one hand the man raked down the dead ashes in the fireplace, and with the other he fished out a biscuit from a jar on the sideboard.

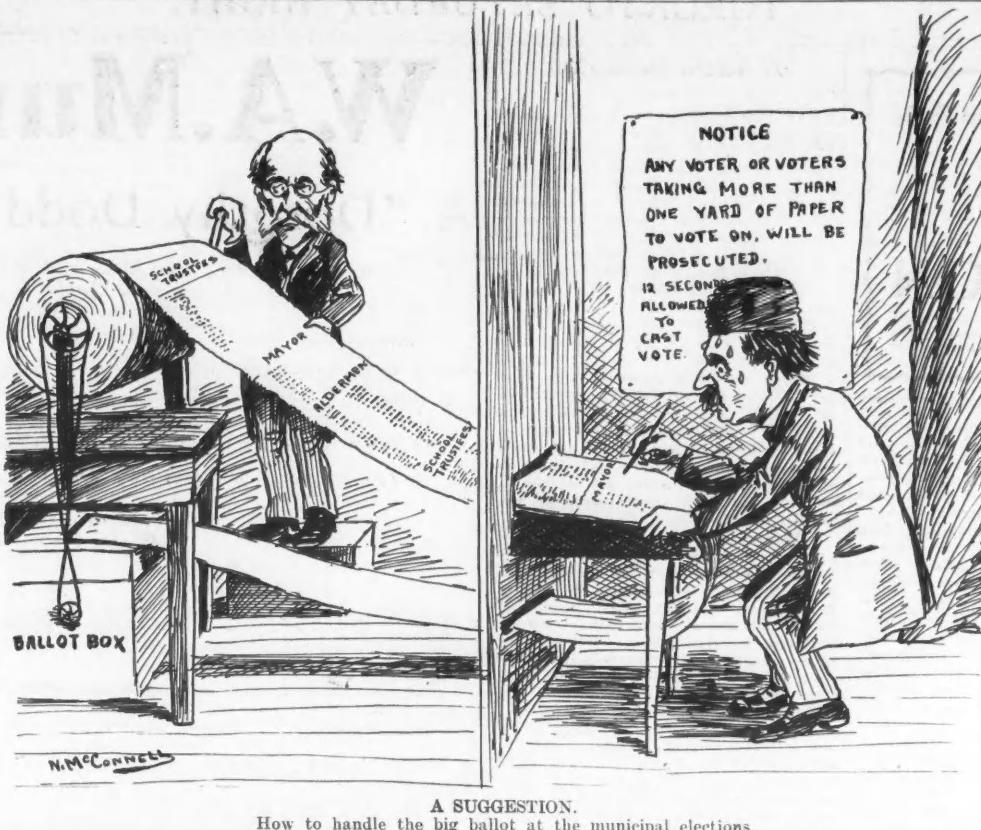
M. M. W.

What Must the Laboring Man do to be Saved?

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND of the Jarvis Street Unitarian Church began on last Sunday evening a series of sermons on "Great Public Questions," to be given fortnightly, alternating with his series on "Religious Thought in the Twentieth Century." His subject was, "What Must the Laboring Man do to be Saved?" There was a large congregation present, including many of the men best known in connection with labor movements, and as students of labor problems, in the city.

Mr. Sunderland spoke in part as follows: From what does the laboring man need salvation? In general, I may answer, from everything that tends to cramp, hurt or degrade his life, or prevent the fullest development of his manhood. But I should be more specific. Let me first consider industrial salvation, or the solution of the labor problem.

In stating what the labor problem is, we need not go so far as to say, as is often done, that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer." But we must confess that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing relatively poorer. In other words, the distance between the rich and poor is increasing. And the relative element is important. If all around me dress in homespun and wear wooden shoes, it may not be a great hardship for me to do the same. But if every one else dresses in rich and fashionable clothing, I must be more than human not to feel keenly the plainness of my attire. Just so, in a society where the standard of dress and home-furnishing and everything connected with living is greatly raised by the large increase of wealth, the laboring man and



A SUGGESTION.
How to handle the big ballot at the municipal elections.

his family, compelled to dress and live essentially as before, are certain to feel the difference painfully. As civilization grows more elaborate many things become necessities which in an earlier time were not. Therefore the expense of living increases. At the same time work grows more and more precarious. Even if a man has work to-day he may not have it to-morrow. In past times laborers were comparatively independent; if they were deprived of work of one kind they could turn to another. But now work is so highly specialized as to make this almost impossible. Moreover, formerly many kinds of work were done in homes or in small shops which are now done exclusively in large establishments. Then it was easy for a man to set up in business for himself, or leave the town and go into the country and settle on a piece of land which he could get from the Government for very little. But now cheap land has retired much farther away and there are very few kinds of business which a man can undertake without more capital than the wage-earner can possibly command. Mills and factories may close at the beginning of long winter, as we are reminded by the recent experiences at the "Soo," throwing thousands out of employment. How are they to get coal and bread? Thus the laborer feels that he is more and more helpless, more and more at the mercy of capital, less and less able to lay up with certainty anything as a provision for sickness or old age, or to prevent his family from suffering in case of his own death.

While conditions are such as these with wage-earners, they look around them and see wealth and luxury multiplying on every hand. Great fortunes are being piled up. Many persons are so rich that they hardly know what to do with their money. Is it any wonder that the man or the woman who does not know where the money for the next payment of rent or the next half ton of coal is coming from, is grieved, or discouraged, or envious? Such is the labor problem, as the laboring man sees it.

Various solutions are proposed. One is Socialism. Many who have studied carefully what Socialism has to offer feel that its full acceptance would give us another form of tyranny even worse than the present. I confess that I myself share that fear. I think there is no doubt, however, that the Socialistic propaganda is doing much to open the eyes of thinking people in some new and important directions. I think it is helping to show the weakness of extreme individualism, and of unregulated competition, and to convince men of the safety of regulated Government ownership of such public utilities as gas, waterworks, telephones and street railways, and at least the regulation and control of some larger interests, such as interstate and interprovincial railroads.

Another solution proposed is that of the single tax. There seem to be serious difficulties in the way of the acceptance of this. But as a result of the widespread and able advocacy which it is receiving, dissatisfaction is undoubtedly growing with our present system of taxation, and there is an increasing disposition to believe that the products of labor ought to be taxed less and land and public franchises more. I do not believe tax agitation will stop until we have found some way of turning to the public benefit much of that "unearned increment" which single tax men put so much emphasis upon. I believe no form of taxation is more just than a cumulative tax upon incomes and upon bequests. None is so indiscriminate or so unjust as taxation of the necessities of the people, such as comes through tariffs. Men should be taxed according to their abilities, not according to their necessities.

A third solution proposed for the labor problem is labor combination. Labor combines for three ends—for mutual helpfulness, for self-protection against capital, and for shorter hours and higher wages. It is said that labor has no right to combine. The reply is that in combining labor is only following the example of capital. The strike is the instrument which laboring men employ in enforcing their demands. Is it justifiable? If the employer has a right to discharge his employees, they have an equal right to withdraw. It seems to be widely believed that the millions of money which the labor unions collect from their members are nearly all spent for strikes. But extensive investigations made in England show that only about one-tenth is spent for strikes, and nearly nine-tenths for the benefit of the sick, those out of work, destitute widows and children, etc. The Government must everywhere insist that where there are strikes they must be carried on by lawful methods, without coercion, intimidation, violence or destruction of property. It is sometimes charged that labor organizations encourage violence and law-breaking. The evidence seems to be strongly to the contrary. I believe that the most powerful influence in controlling the men in cases where great interests are at stake, and passions are deeply stirred, as they must often be in strikes, is the labor organizations themselves. If the organizations were less perfect the lawlessness and violence would inevitably be greater. There are some strikes which greatly affect public interests, as those on extended railroad lines, street railways, and the coal strike in Pennsylvania last year. In all such strikes the public has a right to a voice. Arbitration should be insisted on. It is much to the credit of the laboring men that in a majority of cases they desire and ask for arbitration. But if either party refuses, then the Government should step in and compel the reference of the controversy to a board of competent and impartial arbitrators. Through combination laboring men have secured better wages, shorter hours, better sanitary conditions, and, by their united efforts in political directions, many advantageous laws, such as those for the inspection of factories, the granting of mechanics' liens and others.

Perhaps no proposed solution of the labor problem has in it so much promise, or so few features, that are objectionable, as co-operation. There are various forms of co-operation. Some are more successful in England and some in other countries. Perhaps the form which has received the most attention, and which has succeeded best in the United States, is profit-sharing, or some plan by which employees in great industries get some share in profits or in stock in addition to their wages—so that they become in some real way partners in the concerns, with interests not antagonistic to but in harmony with those of their employers. Several large railroad companies are putting in operation co-operative plans of this kind. I cannot but think that the future of co-operation holds out much promise to the laboring man.

But the laboring man needs other forms of salvation besides industrial. He should be saved from many evils with which he has to contend. One of the worst of these is drink. No man is so valuable a laborer who drinks. His prospects for advancement are distinctly less. He does not do so good work. In the British army in India and in South Africa it was found that eighty or eighty-five soldiers who were total abstainers were equal in the service which they were able to

render to one hundred who drank. Many railroads and other large business enterprises are refusing to employ any but total abstainers. The laboring man should open his eyes to the fact that the use of liquor, even in moderate quantities, handicaps and hurts him in many ways. It dulls his brain; it weakens his nerves; it makes him more liable to disease; it tends to impair his moral and spiritual nature; it robs him of money which he ought not to spare; it injures his home. I believe that labor leaders ought to be total abstainers for their men's sake. I believe that labor unions, even if they are not total abstinence organizations, should take pains to cast their influence strongly in that direction.

One of the most important agencies for the salvation of the laboring man is education. Perhaps to no one else is our Public school system of so vital concern. Let him make the most possible use of it, giving his children the best education within his reach. I believe it is a mistaken public policy and a wrong to the laboring class that both our High and Technical schools are not free, as well as our schools of lower grade.

But education fails of its best if it does not include the moral. Character is no less important than knowledge. Improved laws are of no value unless there are honest men to administer them. The most perfect industrial organization can amount to nothing in the hands of corrupt and self-seeking men. Labor organization, successful industry, society, the State, all rest on a moral foundation. There is no permanent advance for the laboring class, or for any other, apart from moral education. How is moral education to be secured? Through the home, the school and the Church. The one institution which exists in modern society for the express purpose of building up character, mankind, the moral and spiritual life of human beings is the Church. I confess with shame the Church's shortcomings, which are many. But when all have been allowed for, is not the Church without a rival as a friend and helper of men and women in all that pertains to their higher life? I believe it is. I believe the laboring man makes a mistake who does not ally himself with it, for his own good, for his family's sake, for the sake of his class and of the whole community.

What is the outlook for the laboring man as we turn our eyes to the future? I believe it is hopeful. Some grounds for encouragement I have already pointed out. Others are seen in the growing intelligence of labor, and in the fact that so many of the best minds of the world, outside of labor ranks as well as inside, are interesting themselves in the study of its problems. The Church, too, is beginning to wake up to the importance of these matters. Preaching is growing sociological. Religion is slowly learning that the place to save men is in this world. All this is full of promise.

Felina Verse.

The following lines were contributed by a writer whose imagination had been stirred by reading a paragraph concerning cats on the front page of last week's issue of "Saturday Night":

My dear Mr. Don.
I'm so glad you've caught on
To the fact that all cats should be dead.

If you bring this about
We most gladly will shout

"Rich blessings come down on your head."

I stood at my window at midnight,
The cats were fighting like mad;
I hurled brushes, boots, and then brie-a-brac.
And names undeniably bad.

My friend o'er the lane
Went nearly insane

As a bottle he fired swift and frisky
At the same time that I

Let another one fly—

So the cats got both bottles of whisky.

Crash! smash! went the glass;

Each cat said "I pass"

As he sprang into air with a bound;

Then he lit on his feet
And tore down the street

Which echoed with many a sound.

Even now, when I'm taking a drink.

A smile o'er my features will flicker,

And I roar once again when I think

Of the bath of those cats in that liquor.

Plea for the Organ-Grinder.

Mr. Clement Shorter, editor of the "Sphere," sends a letter to the "Daily Mail" protesting against the abolition of the organ-grinder, which was proposed by Lord Byron, Professor Flinders Petrie, Mr. Max Pemberton, and the honorary secretary of the Betterment of London Association, in an appeal to borough councils published in the "Daily Mail" on Monday. "These gentlemen," writes Mr. Shorter, "apparently possess the ambition to put down organ-grinders, and what they call street noises; they desire to make London a dull, dreary city instead of the vivacious and picturesque place I would wish it to be."

"I cannot think that Lord Byron's great ancestor, being a poet would have wished to abolish the Italian organ-grinder. He loved everything Italian too well. I trust that we may live to have many more of Mr. Max Pemberton's exciting and well-written stories. I hope that Mr. Flinders Petrie will long continue his romantic researches in the life of ancient Egypt; but rather would I see all the popular novels of the hour blotted out, all the research into the life of the ancient world arrested for ever, than I would see the organ-grinder disappear from London.

"Think of what it means in quite different districts. Is there anything more dreary than a street in a London suburb where our great 'middle classes' dwell? . . . The one element of relief is the organ-grinder. "Wander through the East End, into the streets where music rarely enters, and see the crowd assemble while the children of the poor dance merrily to a vivacious tune. It is a crowded hour of glorious life in the midst of cruel monotony. Abolish the organ-grinders and you destroy the one last touch of the picturesque and of the non-sordid which the poorer districts of London afford."

When Boston Nods.

CEN A newspaper published in the United States condescends to print an article dealing with Canadian affairs, weird paragraphs sometimes appear. The Boston "Transcript" is a journal to be regarded with esteem, if not with awe—a perfect lady that only once in a blue moon falls into inaccuracy. But last month it came a strange cropper. In an article referring to our King Edward Hotel, the mural decorations were described and the famous Wolfe scene came in for special mention. The writer solemnly declared that the great British general, on the night preceding his last battle, recited certain lines from Gray's "Elegy," and then climbed the Heights of "Alabama" to take Quebec. Now that is enough to make a Toronto school-boy go away and weep. In fact, we should not blame the author of "The Maple Leaf Forever" if he were to use unconventional language concerning the press of Boston city. Then these gentlemen of the alien quill expect us to take them seriously when they write editorials to the effect that Canada did not say a thing about the Alaska boundary until after 1892. We are accustomed to reading queer things in the New York "Sun" concerning our treatment of the dear Doukhobors, and we are acquainted with the antics of certain Western Senators who let themselves loose on the American continent and demand to know when Canada is going to accept life, liberty and the pursuit of scrappiness from the headquarters at Washington. But Gray's "Elegy" and the Heights of "Alabama" are new friends indeed. We should not be surprised to learn that the simple old villagers in that country churchyard have turned over in their "narrow cells." Alabama is no name for heights or plains near Quebec, as our ancient capital prefers a name of patriarchal flavor. But what is the matter with the Boston journal? Can it be that the very thought of so delightful a hotel as the King Edward produced an exhilaration that made the scribe unable to cope with the Heights of Quebec or the title of a classic in English literature? If a United States journalist finds it necessary to write a word or two about Canada, it might

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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The Drama.

FRANCES AYMAR MATTHEWS, whose play, "Pretty Peggy," has scored another striking success for Grace George, probably has fewer of the eccentricities supposed to be inseparable from genius than any other author in America. A plain little woman of fifty, with a sweet, kindly face, she dresses inconspicuously and is possessed of so quiet a manner that her presence rarely excites attention where she is not known. Miss Matthews is a great believer in the potency of work, and she writes an average of eight hours a day, dividing this period by lunch and her regular walk. During the spring and summer she wrote "Pretty Peggy," dramatized her story, "My Lady Peggy Comes to Town" and completed a comedy for Julia Marlowe. Miss Matthews' other works include "At the Sign of the Shippe," "The Long Ago" and "A Little Tragedy at Tien Tsin," the story which created a literary furor two years ago when it was published in "Harper's."

At the Princess Theater during the last week, the play, "Captain Charlie," with Aubrey Boucicault in the title role, has proved a strong attraction. Theodore Burt Sayre has written a romance of the time of Napoleon, taking two incidents and a number of the characters from Charles Lever's famous novel, "Charles O'Malley." The play is somewhat lacking in unity of conception, but of the excellent qualities of Aubrey Boucicault's acting there can be no doubt. He takes the part of the dashing, devil-may-care, lovable Irishman with a spirit that must be "con amore." He no doubt inherits dramatic ability from his father, the versatile Dion Boucicault. He wins the audience at the start with his impetuous grace and delightful brogue and is the ideal hero to the close. He is, of course, poverty-stricken and is in love with Lucy Dashwood, who seems far removed from him until old General Blake frees the lad's estates from debt. The villain of the play, Captain Hammersley, fights a duel with the young captain whom he wounds. Then the scene changes from restless Ireland to Spain, where Captain Charlie is charged with treason, and on his refusal to deliver up the letter which he holds—a letter which involves a woman's honor and the happiness of his benefactor, General Blake—is arrested and sentenced to be shot. The fourth act brings the discovery and punishment of the villain and ultimate joy for the lovers. Martin L. Alsop is a wickedly wicked Hammersley, while A. H. Stewart takes the part of that fine old soldier, General Blake, in most happy style. V. M. de Silke is an odd English "dude" as Lieutenant Sparks. Beatrice Morgan is striking in her delineation of Mrs. Blake, a selfish, passionate woman, with flashes of generous feeling, while Ruth Holt makes a dainty, disdainful Lucy Dashwood. The stage setting and the costumes of a hundred years ago are effective and picturesque. Irish songs and jests and love-making, with a strong dash of Irish fighting, contribute to make "Captain Charlie" a distinct success.

Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Girl and the Judge," the attraction at the Grand this week, was heartily enjoyed by a number of theater-goers who hailed with appreciation a change from the heavier plays and light musical comedies that have been offered so far this season. Miss Eleanor Montell, in the stellar role, was most attractive as Winifred Stanton, a young girl with a kleptomaniac mother and a father addicted to drink. In her efforts to prevent discord in the family, she is very winsome and natural, and her charm leaves its impress on the heart of the young judge of the State, George Chartis, to whom the husband and wife have appealed to procure a formal separation. Unpleasant complications arise, owing to the theft of a jewel belonging to Chartis's mother, but the piece has a fairly satisfactory ending, for both mother and son, for the girl's sake, endeavor to shield the culprit, who turns out to be Mrs. Stanton. The latter and her husband agree, to ensure the daughter's happiness in her marriage with Chartis, to depart quietly and commence life afresh. Mr. Harry Keenan as the youthful judge, though the role calls for no heavy acting, shows himself an artist of no mean merit, while Mr. Oscar C. Apfel as Stanton, leaves the impression that he is capable of much more than is demanded of him in the present production, of which he is stage manager. Miss Ethel Blande as Mrs. Chartis is at once austere and gracious, and Miss Louise Dempsey as the landlady who has "seen better days" furnishes some wholesome, if mild, amusement. Miss Beatrice Thorne as Mrs. Stanton is good, while the other members of the cast do fair work in the minor parts.

The imported olio at Shea's this week is one of sterling worth—Hyde's comedians, direct from Hyde and Behman's Theater, Brooklyn. Many excellent turns are offered. Cole and Warner, German comedians, are extremely funny, and Hill and Whittaker's musical turn is an enjoyable one. The Piccolo Midgets are on the bill. These little people have been here before, and are quite popular. Bennett and Young's illustrated songs are certainly good and make a pleasant revival of an almost extinct portion of the up-to-date vaudeville bill. Many other clever acts are included in this week's programme.

A return engagement and good houses speak well for "The Little Outcast," the offering at the Majestic Theater this week. The piece is done justice by the present company, which includes Miss Anne Blanche and one or two others, favorably known in Toronto.

Miss Sadie Martinot, who stands in the forefront of actresses famous for depicting such parts as the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, Camille, Sappho, and Countess Zicka, will soon appear here in A. W. Pinero's engrossing study of the social problem whether a woman who has erred can, or should be allowed to, regain her status in society, as set forth in his brilliant play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Miss Martinot's performance of Paula Tanqueray is said to be an artistic and impressive one. Her supporting company is excellent.

The Walter Jones Comic Opera Company, to appear at the Princess Theater next week with a presentation of "The Sleepy King," the most recent and elaborate musical comedy by George V. Hobart and Giovanni Contero, contains a strong cast. Beautiful voices predominate, and the many musical numbers twenty-seven in number, receive a treatment not always accorded them in the ordinary company. Among the many song hits are "My Glorianna," "If I were Pierpoint Morgan and you were Hetty Green," "Mamie," "In Missouri," "The Girl with the Dimpled Face," "Reuben Red Breast," "The Cigarette Song," and many others.

For next week Mr. Shea has assured a splendid lot of vaudeville feature acts, including Edmund Day & Co., in the sketch called "Shipmates;" Adolph Zink, little man, big comedian; Gallagher, Barrett & Co., Charlotte Guyer George, contralto; Billy S. Clifford, Robertus and Wilfredo, and A. D. Robbins.

Lawn-Bowling.

The following invitation on its receipt was somewhat of a puzzle:

Rach gu toileach do sgoil.
The Trustees of the
Scottish Kindergarten Schule
wad be much obleeged to ha' ye at their
First Gathering
to be held in the Prospect Park Schule House
on Friday night, November 20th, 1903,
at 8 o'clock sharp.
J. B. McKay, Principal.
David Carlyle, Sec'y of the Board.
A. S. Wigmore, Q. D. McCullough, Geo. R. Hargrave,
Trustees.

But its purpose is to train those bowlers who intend to participate in the coming bowling bonspiel to be held in June and July, 1904, principally in Scotland, so that when competing on Scotch greens the vernacular slogan may not be so much Greek to them. I regretted I was unable to attend the kindergarten, but understand the "schule" was a complete success and the strictest decorum and attention pervaded the class during the instruction given on the blackboard by the principal, J. B. McKay. Fred Laurence was appointed monitor, but his duties were light. The dunce of the school was "Wig," who suffered the extreme penalty of being placed in the corner with the "rule's" cap ensconced on his head. Baile Swabey was an apt pupil, while Geordy Hargrave displayed little of his Irish ancestry. Letters of regret were received from Colonel Hodge of Mitchell, President McCarron of St. Catharines, and Mr. Cartwright of the Hamilton Thistles. The "schule" will be held monthly until proficiency is attained. It should be mentioned after "schule" was out a pleasant social time was had in which Geordy Hargrave excelled in a topical song, a verse of which was laudatory of "Luna" and "Saturday Night."

The following letter explains itself:

St. Louis World's Fair Grounds, Oct. 19, 1903.

Mr. J. W. Greig, chairman of the Olympic Committee on Lawn Bowls, had a conference with Mr. J. D. Sullivan, chief of the Department of Physical Culture, to-day, and arrangements were made for an international competition during the month of August, 1904. Mr. Greig says that a team of English bowlers will participate. The team will be brought over by Mr. Carmichael, secretary to Sir Thomas Lipton. The following programme has been decided upon: August 15, 16 and 17, international tournament; single handed and rink championships at bowling on the green, open to the world. The rules of the Scottish Bowling Association will govern. The entrance fee for the single handed championship will be fifty cents, and that for each team in the rink championship \$2. The following prizes will be given: Single handed championships, first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal. Rink championships, first prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal; third prize, bronze medal. A handsome trophy will be presented to the club whose team wins the rink championship. Those desirous of competing should notify Mr. Sullivan on or before July 1st. LUNA.

The One Meal.

STORNYARD thing," said the father, looking at him self in the most reliable corner of the kitchen mirror, "but that kid never seems to properly recognize me, once I've washed me face."

"Be off, do!" urged the mother, distractedly. "Standing there in the way, grumbling, you great 'ulking creature.' He made one more effort to recapture filial affections by turning suddenly and crying in a deep voice, "Pee' bo!" "That's it!" said the mother bitterly. "You always somehow know the right thing to do. Baby won't stop crying now for hours and hours. Did ums, then?" This to the wailing infant. "Did the 'orrid, ugly daddy frighten him, then? Um shan't look what mummy's going to find for baby."

The youth in his high chair did not cease until nearly every article of portable property in the room had been presented to him formally. Even then he declined to reciprocate the ingratiating smiles of his father, turning his round head away each time that parents made advances. On his father giving an imitation of a trained dog (hitherto received with favor by the baby's mouth) began to cry again.

"It's you don't go right straight to it of place," said the mother solemnly. "Before I count three, and leave me to my cooking, I shall say something you'll be sorry for."

The little woman took threepence from the lustres on the mantelpiece and dabbed the coins and an empty jug down on the table. An hour before on this Saturday afternoon he had brought the sum of his weekly wage and handed it to her intact. Another threepence she found in her purse.

"Now will you be off?"

"Penny for a shave," he said, counting the coppers thoughtfully, "two pence to spend on riotous livin'."

"Look ere," she remarked, "we've argued all this out before, and I am not going to argue it again. If you knew how I had to look after every farthing—" She sighed. "Don't go making a 'og of yourself, and mind you're back on the very stroke of seven, or else not a bit of supper do you have, not if you was the Prince of Wales himself. And if you come across Cyril, box his ears and send him straight 'ome."

"What's the meenu? What are you going to—?"

"Wait and see!" she said, closing the door after him with a slam.

He went slowly to his favorite house, where, the jug on his knee, he watched a game of billiards played by the foremen of the works where he was sometimes engaged as odd man, and another; murmuring "Good stroke," when his foreman scored, and "Fluke!" when the opponent did well. A friend of his with an injured face volunteered an unconvincing explanation

concerning a lamp-post and went on to discuss wives and the varying character of their tempers. He listened to a political argument near the bar on a question that was dividing the party to which he belonged; difficult in the present instance to know where to give his support, for the clinching argument on either side was, "I'll bet you drinks you're wrong!" His foreman, flushed with success, chattered with him very graciously concerning a job of work that was coming on for the following week, and the two agreed that the building trade was no longer what it was.

"Fee-fu-fum!" he cried cheerfully, as he went inside the door. The baby, from his high chair agreeing now to recognize him, laughed dutifully. "What do I smell, mother? Do I detect the agreeable presence of fried liver and bacon, or do my senses deceive me?"

"Where on earth did you get the money to buy that? Take it off the table this minute, you dunderhead you! How does the thing work?"

"Our foreman stood me a drink, so I dropped in at the toy-shop round the corner. Ingenious, ain't it?"

"I shouldn't like to make it for the money," she admitted. "Let's see how far it goes on the floor."

The boy intimated presently that, strictly speaking, the clockwork mouse belonged to him; hinted also that he was about to proclaim his rights by indistinct speech, and the two rose from their knees and gave it to him, the mother warning baby that if he dropped it her clear duty would be to send him back at once to the doctor. Baby, apparently desirous of testing the value of this threat, at once let it fall, and while the mother attended to the dancing, frizzling contents of the frying-pan, the father devoted himself to the work of restoring the toy repeatedly to its owner. They were just saying it was about time that young whelp of a Cyril was home, when a whistle was heard in the passage of the model dwellings. The baby made a desperate effort to extricate itself from the trammels of the high chair.

"I could smell it," declared the boy, with enthusiasm, "right away down at the beginning of the street. True I'm 'ere! All the time I was keeping goal in a game out in Bruce street, I kept saying to myself, 'Will it be—'"

"Sid down," ordered the mother, not displeased to find so much interest given to her culinary efforts. "You sid down, too, father. Take baby alongside of you. Elbows off the table, Cyril, and say grace. Come on now. When I was young I used to have to say grace at every meal!"

"Truly thankful for, Amen," growled the boy. "What are you laughing at, sauce-box?" he demanded of the baby, affecting annoyance. "You'll ave to take the job on soon as you can talk."

"Seems to be losing me senses," said the father, self-reproachfully, "or else I never had none. I've forgot to pour out."

"Unless I think of everything," she began, still watchful near the frying-pan. "Cyril, don't let that child try to swallow the plate. You're no more use, any of you, than nothing at all!"

"Wonderful to see the change effected by the mere appearance of the smoking, excited dish on the table. Baby made efforts to clap hands, but these being rather small they missed each other; the boy's mouth watered so much that he could not speak distinctly; the father had to take a first sip out of the thick tumbler in order to compose himself, thereby meritizing denunciation from the mother, who said caustically that some people seemed to have no more notion of etiquette than a winkle. The baby, served with a crust dipped in the fat, at once made up its face as a Red Indian.

"Eard a good yarn at the pub s'afternoon," remarked the father, amusedly. "Supposed to be at a girls' school, and—" "Don't talk with your mouth full," recommended his wife, "and remember that the children are present."

"And the question's asked. Who most bitterly regretted the 'ome-coming of the prodigal son'?"

"Eard of him somewhere or other. Cyril, you've been at school later than what I 'ave, who was the—" "Kin I 'ave a bit more bacon, please?" asked the boy, evasively.

"As I say," repeated the father, "question's asked, 'Who most bitterly regretted the 'ome-coming of the prodigal son?' and it appears the answer ought to be, 'The elder brother,' stead of which one girl 'olds up her 'and and says, 'Oh,' she says, 'tatt'd cat,' she says."

The story was well received, baby showing abnormal development of a sense of humor by laughing until hiccoughs came. Father repeated the anecdote while baby crunched a lump of sugar that had been administered as agreeable remedy. "Best of that yarn is," said father, "that you can tell it in almost any drooping-room. Mother was urged to make one more endeavor to call her riddle, but it appeared she was out of practice, and could remember nothing. The boy had picked up a new song in the streets, and mother remarked that it was not quite suitable for children. Father's view was that nowadays it did not do to be too strait-laced. "Enjoyed your supper?"

"Ain't done badly," replied the father.

"I reckon," said the boy, "that as a matter of fact I could do with a meal like this a bit more often."

"Ungrateful child!" cried his mother. "Why, if you had a early good feed like this more than once a week you wouldn't know how to appreciate it!"

Not His Forte.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, says that a well-known New York manager was recently much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made to him by a peculiar looking and seedy individual. Time and time again, it appears, the manager had referred this person to his stage manager. "Talk to Blank," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to name his qualifications.

Finally the seedy man in search of a job did seek Blank, the stage manager, who at that time was in the theater, listening to the efforts of candidates for the chorus. As there were a number ahead of him, the peculiar looking individual

would, between songs, interrupt the stage manager with his requests for a job. Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and bade him play an accompaniment for the stranger. With some hesitancy the applicant for a job employed what voice he had in song. It was as bad as bad could be.

Disgusted, the manager stopped him. "And you have the audacity to ask for a job!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"Certainly," replied the man.

"Why, you can't sing a little bit!" said the manager, astonished.

"I don't claim to be able to sing," replied the seedy individual, calmly. "And I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter. I was only singing to please you people!"

Wall Street's Casabianca.

The boy stood on the Shipping Trust,

Whence all but him had fled.

The water that was in the stock

Came almost to his head.

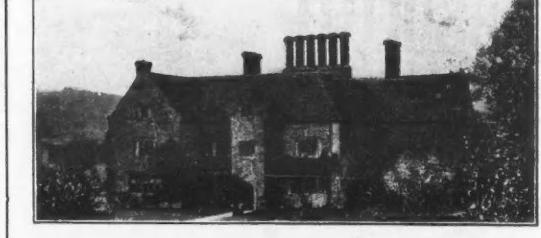
—Chicago "Tribune."

What Saved Him.

Daniel had just been cast into the lions' den.

"To think," he exclaimed, "that I should get down to being a ready-to-serve breakfast food!"

However, seeing his name had no fancy spelling, the sagacious beast passed him by.—"Harper's Bazaar."



Rudyard Kipling's present Residence at Burwash, Sussex.

The Humor of Ruskin.

JOHN RUSKIN once wrote

November 28, 1903

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Golf's Aftermath.

THE day had changed suddenly—as November days have a way of doing—and the man turned homeward, content for once to leave the golf links behind him.

"Beastly day!" he said to himself, as he shifted his clubs from one numb hand to the other and turned his coat collar up. "I wish I had left these confounded things in the locker. Gad! I'll be glad to get home to cosy fire and a good hot dinner. Ten days at the club is enough at a time. Poor little Mabel! I wonder what she's been doing with herself all this time. And, by Jove! I forgot all about those papers for Harman. And the gas bill! The devil take it! and I believe my premium was due this week. Golf's all right when you're at it, but it plays the deuce with a man's business. . . . I shouldn't have stayed out there so long. And Mabel—poor little soul—all alone for over a week. Well, never mind, I'll make it up to her."

So ruminating, head down against the biting wind, he turned the corner into his own street, and his spirits rose with a bound. The day was a minor thing, and he ceased to mind that the rain was turning to sleet. He had traveled ahead of himself. Mentally he smelt the comforting odor of soft coal and saw the open grate piled high with blazing lumps. The shaded lights in the dining-room fell softly on the snowy damask and silver of the dinner-table, and with an unconscious smack of his lips he remembered that it was Thursday.

"Chicken night," he said, and swallowed again. "That girl we've got now is a peach. She roasts those birds to a turn. And her oyster soup is scrumptious. Mabel is a regular little trump. Everything always ship-shape and comfortable, and the house as bright as a sixpence. I'd hate like Sam Hill to have a wife like Harvey's—out, out, all day and every day—what the devil's the matter?"

He had rung several times, but got no response. Irritably he rummaged in one pocket after another for his latch-key, and gaining an entrance stumbled into the semi-darkness of the hall. "Mabel!" he shouted. "Mabel!" But there was no answer. Neither was there a fire in the grate, nor any table set for dinner, nor a suggestion of cooking chickens or cooking anything. Things smelt musty, and as he passed the sideboard he mechanically ran his finger through the dust that coated the surface. "Extraordinary!" he grumbled, as he came back from an empty kitchen. "What the mischief's the meaning of it? I'll ring up the Grants and see if Mabel is there."

But as he took down the receiver, Mabel, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, absolutely unabashed, opened the door and came in with a rush of cool air and the swish of wet skirts. "Sorry, Laurie, dear," she said sweetly, as she dumped a bundle of golf clubs in the corner of the hall and proceeded to pull off her gloves, "but I didn't expect to be so late. Oh, yes, I'm playing golf. I've heard you talk nothing but golf, golf, golf, for a year, so when you went out to Hillsdale I joined the Lowland Club, just to see what the game was like. I had no idea it was so absorbing. It's glorious! Why, dear—"

"Where's the cook?" interrupted the man, with the abruptness born of an empty stomach and many forebodings.

"The cook? Oh, she's gone. I found the luncheon all burnt to a cinder one day and Emma amusing herself with my cleek in the field behind the house. I couldn't stand that. And anyway, she said there was no use in cooking meals for people who were never in at all, or hours late. Cooks won't put up with that sort of thing. Anyway, she's gone. Don't let's talk about her—"

"But, Mabel—"

"But, Laurie, I want to tell you something. You know the hole over the ravine? Well," triumphantly, "I did it today in seven."

"Seven devils!" swore the man, as he glared at the dinnerless table, the accumulation of dust over everything, and the heap of cold ashes in the grate. "Have you gone mad, Mabel?"

"Yes, dear, golf mad. I used to wonder how you could neglect your business, and me, and everything else for such a foolish game. Now I sympathize with you. It's grand! I've played every day and all day ever since last Tuesday—"

"The house looks like it—"

"And Laurie, dear, don't scold, but I am absolutely bankrupt. You only left me fifty dollars, you know, to keep things going till you got back, and I haven't a cent, and I haven't—"

"What!"

"Haven't been able to pay even the butcher. My fees cost me twenty-five—fifteen to join and ten annual—and my clubs cost twelve, just a cleek, a driver, a brassie, a putter, a niblick and a mashie—I couldn't manage with less, could I?—and the few dollars left went for car fare, balls and caddies, and one or two lunches and teas out there. I had to borrow a car ticket from the steward to get home to-day; and I owe Lumbars for a dozen balls—"

"Could you possibly keep those interesting little items until—"

"He let me have them for forty cents apiece because you got so many, he said, and some rubber tees. They were expensive, but I said you got that kind because you thought they paid in the long run—and a pair of heavy rubber-soled shoes. I don't know what the bill came to, exactly, but I suppose he will make it as reasonable as possible, because I ordered a scarlet coat and a pair of gloves with perforated backs—splendid things! They don't cramp your hands. And the new kind of gaiters with large buttons, hand-painted in the club colors. And Hendry says if I get a bag I won't need a caddy except on match days. The little umps are asking thirty cents an hour now. I've paid mine nearly six dollars in the last five days. So I ordered a bag, and Laurie—". She paused, partly for breath, partly because of the expression on the man's face.

"Go on," he said, in an ominously even voice. "Go on. It doesn't matter that I am wet to the bone, and hungry and cold, that the cook has gone, and the house going to the devil. You play golf. That seems to satisfy you. What else have you bought and ordered in the golf line in the last seven days? Have you thought, incidentally, of ordering anything into the house to eat? Is there anything I can burn in this grate to dry myself?"

"I'll get you something to eat in a second. You're such an impatient fellow. And I'll have a fire in half a minute. But just listen, Laurie, dear. The first time I went round to-day it took me \$2, and the last time I nearly did it in \$0. Wasn't that splendid? Mrs.—"

"Are you going to stand there—wet—and talk golf all night to me—wet—or are you—"

But the woman had gone, leaving a trail of mud behind her as she went. Half way up stairs she leaned over the bannister.

"For a year," she said acidly, "you have talked of nothing but puts and holes and mashies and niblicks and loft and brassies and drives and caddies and spoons and bunkers and hazards and tees till you nearly drove me crazy. Now we are in the same boat."

There was no answer. With one hand the man raked down the dead ashes in the fireplace, and with the other he fished out a biscuit from a jar on the sideboard.

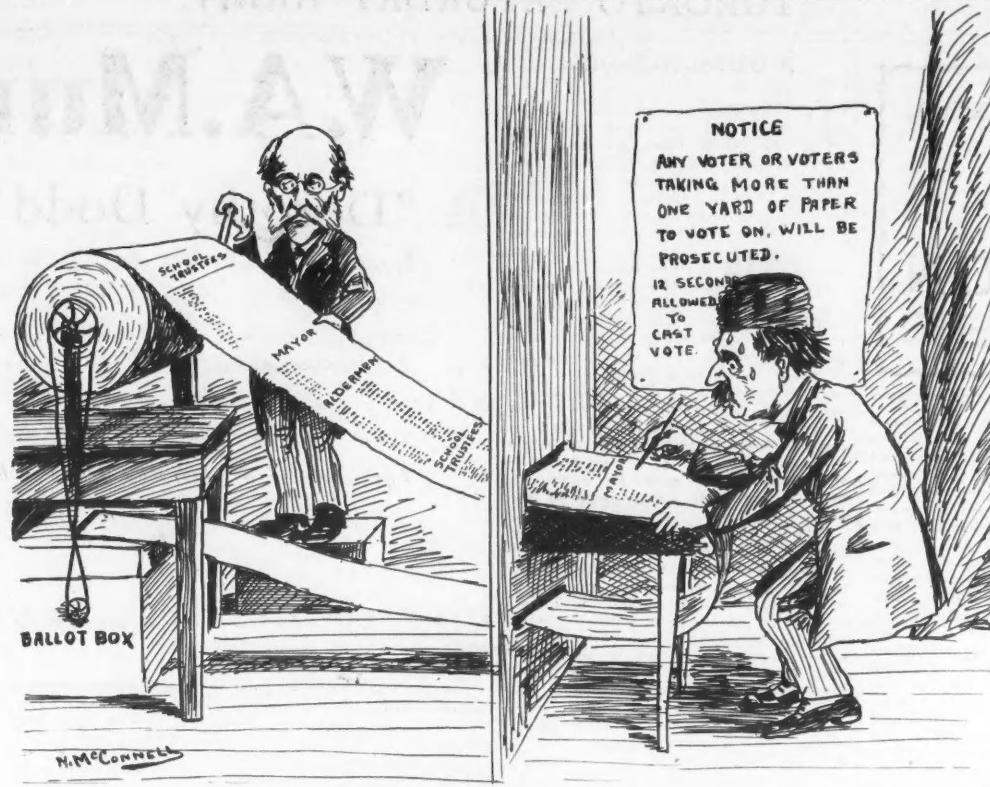
M. M. W.

What Must the Laboring Man do to be Saved?

REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND of the Jarvis Street Unitarian Church began on last Sunday evening a series of sermons on "Great Public Questions," to be given fortnightly, alternating with his series on "Religious Thought in the Twentieth Century." His subject was, "What Must the Laboring Man do to be Saved?" There was a large congregation present, including many of the men known in connection with labor movements, and as students of labor problems, in the city.

Mr. Sunderland spoke in part as follows: From what does the laboring man need salvation? In general, I may answer, from everything that tends to cramp, hurt or degrade his life, or prevent the fullest development of his manhood. But I should be more specific. Let me first consider industrial salvation, or the solution of the labor problem.

In stating what the labor problem is, we need not go so far as to say, as is often done, that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer." But we must confess that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing relatively poorer. In other words, the distance between the rich and poor is increasing. And the relative element is important. If all around me dress in homespun and wear wooden shoes, it may not be a great hardship for me to do the same. But if every one else dresses in rich and fashionable clothing, I must be more than human not to feel keenly the plainness of my attire. Just so, in a society where the standard of dress and home-furnishing and everything connected with living is greatly raised by the large increase of wealth, the laboring man and



A SUGGESTION.
How to handle the big ballot at the municipal elections.

his family, compelled to dress and live essentially as before, are certain to feel the difference painfully. As civilization grows more elaborate many things become necessities which in an earlier time were not. Therefore the expense of living increases. Even if a man has work to-day he may not have it to-morrow. In past times laborers were comparatively independent; if they were deprived of work of one kind they could turn to another. But now work is so highly specialized as to make this almost impossible. Moreover, formerly many kinds of work were done in homes or in small shops which are now done exclusively in large establishments. Then it

was easy for a man to set up in business for himself, or leave the town and go into the country and settle on a piece of land which he could get from the Government for a very little. But now cheap land has retired much farther away and there are very few kinds of business which a man can undertake without more capital than the wage-earner can possibly command. Mills and factories may close at the beginning of a long winter, as we are reminded by the recent experiences at the "Soo," throwing thousands out of employment. How are they to get coal and bread? Thus the laborer feels that he is more and more helpless, more and more at the mercy of capital, less and less able to lay up with certainty anything as a provision for sickness or old age, or to prevent his family from suffering in case of his own death.

While conditions are such as these with wage-earners, they look around them and see wealth and luxury multiplying on every hand. Great fortunes are being piled up. Many persons are so rich that they hardly know what to do with their money. Is it any wonder that the man or the woman who does not know where the money for the next payment of rent or the next half ton of coal is coming from, is grieved, or discouraged, or envious? Such is the labor problem, as the laboring man makes it.

Various solutions are proposed. One is Socialism. Many who have studied carefully what Socialism has to offer fear that its full acceptance would give us another form of tyranny even worse than the present. I confess that I myself share that fear. I think there is no doubt, however, that the Socialistic propaganda is doing much to open the eyes of thinking people in some new and important directions. I think it is helping to show the weakness of extreme individualism, and of unregulated competition, and to convince men of the safety and wisdom of Government ownership of such public utilities as gas, waterworks, telephones and street railways, and at least the regulation and control of some larger interests, such as interstate and inter-provincial railroads.

Another solution proposed is that of the single tax. There seem to be serious difficulties in the way of the acceptance of this. But as a result of the widespread and able advocacy which it is receiving, dissatisfaction is undoubtedly growing with our present systems of taxation, and there is an increasing disposition to believe that the products of labor ought to be taxed less and land and public franchises more. I do not believe tax agitation will stop until we have found some way of turning to the public benefit much of that "unearned increment" which single tax men put so much emphasis upon. I believe no form of taxation is more just than a cumulative tax upon incomes and upon bequests. None is so insidious or so unjust as taxation of the necessities of the people, such as come through tariffs. Men should be taxed according to their abilities, not according to their necessities.

A third solution proposed for the labor problem is labor combination. Labor combines for three ends—for mutual helpfulness, for self-protection against capital, and for shorter hours and higher wages. It is said that labor has no right to combine. The reply is that in combining labor is only following the example of capital. The strike is the instrument which laboring men employ in enforcing their demands. Is it justifiable? If the employer has a right to discharge his employees, they have an equal right to withdraw. It seems to be widely believed that the millions of money which the labor unions collect from their members are nearly all spent for strikes. But extensive investigations made in England show that only about one-tenth is spent for strikes, and nearly nine-tenths for the benefit of the sick, those out of work, destitute widows and children, etc. The Government must everywhere insist that where there are strikes they must be carried on by lawful methods, without coercion, intimidation, violence or destruction of property. It is sometimes charged that labor organizations encourage violence and law-breaking. The evidence seems to be strongly to the contrary. I believe that the most powerful influence in controlling the men in cases where great interests are at stake, and passions are easily stirred, as they must often be in strikes, is the labor organizations themselves. If the organizations were less perfect the lawlessness and violence would inevitably be greater. There are some strikes which greatly affect public interests, as those on extended railroad lines, street railways, and the coal strike in Pennsylvania last year. In all such strikes the public has a right to a voice. Arbitration should be insisted on. It is much to the credit of the laboring men that in a majority of cases they desire and ask for arbitration. But if either party refuses, then the Government should step in and compel the reference of the controversy to a board of competent and impartial arbitrators. Through combination laboring men have secured better wages, shorter hours, better sanitary conditions, and, by their united efforts in political directions, many advantageous laws, such as those for the inspection of factories, the granting of mechanics' liens and others.

Perhaps no proposed solution of the labor problem has in it so much promise, or so few features, that are objectionable, as co-operation. There are various forms of co-operation. Some are more successful in England and some in other countries. Perhaps the form which has received the most attention, and which has succeeded best in the United States, is profit-sharing, or some plan by which employees in great industries get some share in profits or in stock in addition to their wages—so that they become in some real way partners in the concerns, with interests not antagonistic to but in harmony with those of their employers. Several large railroad companies are putting in operation co-operative plans of this kind. I cannot but think that the future of co-operation holds out much promise to the laboring man.

But the laboring man needs other forms of salvation besides industrial. He should be saved from many evils with which he has to contend. One of the worst of these is drink. No man is so valuable a laborer who drinks. His prospects for advancement are distinctly less. He does not do so good work. In the British army in India and in South Africa it was found that eighty or eighty-five soldiers who were total abstainers were equal in the service which they were able to

render to one hundred who drank. Many railroads and other large business enterprises are refusing to employ any but total abstainers. The laboring man should open his eyes to the fact that the use of liquor, even in moderate quantities, handicaps and hurts him in many ways. It dulls his brain; it weakens his nerves; it makes him more liable to disease; it tends to impair his moral and spiritual nature; it robs him constantly of money which he ought not to spare; it injures his home. I believe that labor leaders ought to be total abstainers for their men's sake. I believe that labor unions, even if they are not total abstinence organizations, should take pains to cast their influence strongly in that direction.

One of the most important agencies for the salvation of the laboring man is education. Perhaps to no one else in our Public school system of so vital concern. Let him make the most possible use of it, giving his children the best education within his reach. I believe it is a mistaken public policy and a wrong to the laboring class that both our High and Technical schools are not free, as well as our schools of lower grade.

But education fails of its best if it does not include the moral. Character is no less important than knowledge. Improved laws are of no value unless there are honest men to administer them. The most perfect industrial organization can amount to nothing in the hands of corrupt and self-seeking men. Labor organization, successful industry, society, the State, all rest on a moral foundation. There is no permanent advance for the laboring class, or for any other, apart from moral education. How is moral education to be secured? Through the home, the school and the Church. The one institution which exists in modern society for the express purpose of building up character, mankind, the moral and spiritual life of human beings, is the Church. I confess with shame the Church's shortcomings, which are many. But when all have been allowed for, is not the Church without a rival as a friend and helper of men and women in all that pertains to their higher life? I believe it is. I believe the laboring man makes a mistake who does not ally himself with it, for his own good, for his family's sake, for the sake of his class and of the whole community.

What is the outlook for the laboring man as we turn our eyes to the future? I believe it is hopeful. Some grounds for encouragement I have already pointed out. Others are seen in the growing intelligence of labor, and in the fact that so many of the best minds of the world, outside of labor ranks as well as inside, are interesting themselves in the study of its problems. The Church, too, is beginning to wake up to the importance of these matters. Preaching is growing sociological. Religion is slowly learning that the place to save men is in this world. All this is full of promise.

Feline Verse.

The following lines were contributed by a writer whose imagination had been stirred by reading a paragraph concerning cats on the front page of last week's issue of "Saturday Night":

My dear Mr. Don,
I'm so glad you've caught on
To the fact that all cats should be dead.
If you bring this about
We most gladly will shout
Rich blessings come down on your head."

I stood at my window at midnight,
The cats were fighting like mad;
I hurled brushes, boots, and the brie-a-brac.
And names undeniably bad.

My friend o'er the lane
Went nearly insane
As a bottle he fired swift and frisky
At the same time that I
Let another one fly—

So the cats got both bottles of whisky.

Crash! smash! went the glass;
Each cat said "I pass!"

As he sprang into air with a bound;
Then he lit on his feet
And tore down the street.

Which echoed with many a sound.

Even now, when I'm taking a drink.
A smile o'er my features will flicker,
And I roar once again when I think
Of the bath of those cats in that liquor.

Plea for the Organ-Grinder.

Mr. Clement Shorter, editor of the "Sphere," sends a letter to the "Daily Mail," protesting against the abolition of the organ-grinder, which was proposed by Lord Byron, Professor Flinders Petrie, Mr. Max Pemberton, and the honorary secretary of the Betterment of London Association, in an appeal to their brother councils published in the "Daily Mail" on Monday. "These gentlemen," writes Mr. Shorter, "apparently possess the ambition to put down organ-grinders, and what they call street noises; they desire to make London a dull, dreary city instead of the vivacious and picturesque place I would wish it to be."

"I cannot think that Lord Byron's great ancestor, being a poet, would have wished to abolish the Italian organ-grinder. He loved everything Italian too well. I trust that we may live to have many more of Mr. Max Pemberton's exciting and well-written stories. I hope that Mr. Flinders Petrie will long continue his romantic researches in the life of ancient Egypt; but rather would I see all the popular novels of the hour blotted out, all the research into the life of the ancient world arrested for ever, than I would see the organ-grinder disappear from London."

"Think what it means in quite different districts. Is there anything more dreary than a street in a London suburb where our great 'middle classes' dwell? . . . The one element of relief is the organ-grinder." "Wander through the East End, into the streets where music rarely enters, and see the crowd assemble while the children of the poor dance merrily to a vivacious tune. It is a crowded hour of glorious life in the midst of cruel monotony. Abolish the organ-grinders and you destroy the one last touch of the picturesque and of the non-sordid which the poorer districts of London afford."

When Boston Nods.

CELESTINE, a newspaper published in the United States condescends to print an article dealing with Canadian affairs, weird paragraphs sometimes appear. The Boston "Transcript" is a journal to be regarded with esteem, if not with awe—a perfect lady that only once in a blue moon falls into inaccuracy. But last month it came a strange cropper. In an article referring to our King Edward Hotel, the mural decorations were described and the famous Wolfe scene came in for special mention. The writer solemnly declared that the great British general, on the night preceding his last battle, recited certain lines from Gray's "Elegy" and then climbed the Heights of "Alabama" to take Quebec. Now that is enough to make a Toronto school-boy go away and weep. In fact, we should not blame the author of "The Maple Leaf Forever" if he were to use unconventional language concerning the press of Boston city. Then these gentlemen of the alien quill expect us to take them seriously when they write editorials to the effect that Canada did not say thing about the Alaska boundary until after 1892. We are accustomed to reading queer things in the New York "Sun" concerning our treatment of the dear Doukhobors, and we are acquainted with the antics of certain Western Senators who let themselves loose on the American continent and demand to know when Canada is going to accept life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness from the headquarters at Washington. But Gray's "Elegy" and the Heights of "Alabama" are new friends, indeed. We should not be surprised to learn that the simple old villagers in that country churchyard have turned over in their "narrow cells." Alabama is no name for heights or plains near Quebec, as our ancient capital prefers a name of patriarchal flavor. But what is the matter with the Boston journal? Can it be that the very thought of so delightful a hostelry as the King Edward produced an exhilaration that made the scribe unable to cope with the Heights at Quebec or the title of a classic in English literature? If a United States journalist finds it necessary to write a word or two about Canada, it might be well for him to go away back and sit down while he finds out where the country is and where our battles were "it." The inspiration produced by such knowledge may result in "eulogy."

CANADIENNE.

Confetti.

Oh, the bubbles in the glass! They told me they are imprisoned laughter, but me! I think it's the headache trying to get out—"The Prince of Pilsen."

The flower secretes honey for its own purposes, not with any sense of charity towards the bee—"Tea Table Talk."

Canada for the Canadians.
But
Hunyadi János

For CONSTIPATION

because it is the best Natural Laxative. Mineral Water. It has for more than a quarter of a century rested on the solid foundation of merit. Leading physicians from Eastern and British Columbia recommend it daily. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

Sophocles' tragedy of "Antigone" was produced at the Theater Royal, Dublin, once with Mendelssohn's music, and the "gods" were greatly pleased, and, accord- ing to their custom, demanded a sight of the author. "Bring out Sappho-claze!" they yelled. The manager explained that Sophocles had been dead two thousand years and more and could not well come. Thereat a voice shouted from the gallery, "Then chuck us out his mummy!"

A hair dresser was summoned to a private house the other day to shave a French poodle. Miss Mary, hearing a sound of a voice in the room in which the operation was being performed, put her wicked little ear to the keyhole, and this is what she heard: "Nice day, sir." (pause). "Razor suit you, sir?" (pause). "Good deal of rain, sir, lately." (pause). "A little powder, sir?" (pause). "Hair's very thin, sir, on the top. Wants a little brilliantine. Shampoo, sir? Next!"

The recent sale of the "pioneer's" gown worn by King Edward when at Cambridge has revived a stock of reminiscences of his Majesty's undergraduate days, several of which will be new to the present generation. "Many a time have I seen the Prince," says an old townsmen, "walking down Trinity street with his gown thrown over his arm, his hat tilted slightly on one side of his head, and smoking a big cigar—in defiance of the regulations, of course. But what would you? He was the Prince of Wales, and, as such, secure from the interference of the proctors."

In the early days of missionaries in Maoriland, one of the first of the chiefs to become converted was old Te Roti. Now Te Roti, in addition to his proper wife, had a slave wife that he had captured from some other tribe. The missionary told the chief that he would have to put away the latter, as he could not be a true Christian and keep two. The missionary was away at some other station for a few weeks, and when he returned Te Roti met him, and smilingly told him that the little difficulty about the two wives had been fixed up. "What have you done with Rata?" said the missionary, referring to the slave wife. "Oh," said the chief, "I eat her last week!"

A foreign nobleman who, if report speaks true, is somewhat henpecked, invited some men a night or two ago to play bridge in his hotel. The meeting was a convivial one, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." It grew late, and fears were expressed by the party that they were trespassing upon the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present. "Not at all; gentlemen, not at all; play as long as you please. I am Czar here," said the master of the mansion. "Yes," gentlemen; play as long as you please," said a silvery voice, and all rose immediately as the baroness stood before them; "but, as it is after 1 o'clock, the Czar is going to bed." He went.

A prominent racing man tells the following story on himself: His jockey fell ill on the eve of an important race, and left him without a rider for the horse which he had entered for the event. In looking about for a substitute he decided that his stable-boy, who was thoroughly familiar with "Spirite's" ways, would fill the bill very acceptably. "Now you must be careful," he warned him, "to use 'Arizona' as a pacer; he is a wonder, and will lead the track; follow him closely until just before the finish—don't pass him under any circumstances until you get in a few lengths of the line; then let 'Spirite' out for all you're worth." The capitalist paused in his recital, and turned his cigar meditatively in his fingers. "Well, did not you obey your instructions?" asked one of his listeners. "Yes," answered the owner, "to the letter. He kept just behind 'Arizona' until they were almost at the finish line, and then he spurted ahead in great shape, but unfortunately there were four horses ahead of 'Arizona.'"

Concerning one of Phil May's old models, the Sydney "Bulletin" has the following: Brophy was his name, an Anglo-American minister. Exiled from the ministry and dreadfully down on his luck, Brophy to the last managed to rig himself out in "third editions" of old fash ioned clerical clothes—sort of ecclesiastical scrounger in bad circumstances. Brophy applied to May for charity, and the artist, much to the old man's delight, gave him a shilling and a "retaining fee" of half a crown a week to sit as a model. This really meant that for nearly three years the old broken-down parson, who had something of the look and stoop of John Henry Newman, was

"The Book Shop."

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A Golden Dedication.

THE dedication of a book is seldom read, and, no doubt, there are few such forewords that are worth reading. But Bliss Carman, in his new book, "The Kinship of Nature," pays a beautiful tribute in dedicating his work to his teacher and friend, George Robert Parkin. As Canadians we are proud of the teacher and of his pupil. Thus reads the dedication:

"Since you are on the other side of the world, my dear Parkin, I must offer you my new book without your leave. This is not really so venturesome as it may seem. You never were one of those aloof and awesome head masters who exercise a petty reign of terror over the effervescence of youth; and I cannot recall that we ever tried to steal a march on you, except on a few occasions in the history of the school or of your own life, when we wished to surprise you with some token of our basal affection.

"When this page comes under that glowing eye which has since compelled so many audiences, in so many places larger than any schoolroom, on weightier matters than any school discipline, let me ask you to recall those occasions long ago, and to think of this prefatory letter as an echo of that happy time. I even feel myself lapsing (or, more properly, stiffening) into the formal style of an address, to be read to you, with much stumbling and a quaking heart, before the assembled school. But I dare say you will find it none the worse on that account. As you sit now turning these leaves, whether in London or South Africa, you must pretend that you are still in the chair before the high desk, where we all came for counsel and reproof, and that here is one of your boys come to tender you an offering long overdue, making acknowledgment of most grateful indebtedness never really to be repaid. For the service you did him is, next to the gift of life, the greatest that one man can render another.

"Those were the days when we were all young together, whether at Greek or football, tramping for Mayflowers through the early spring woods, paddling on the river in intoxicating frolics or snowshoeing across bitter drifts in the parching December wind—always under the leadership of your indomitable ardor. In that golden age we first realized the kinship of Nature, whose help is forever unfailing, and whose praise is never out-sung. I must remind you, too, of those hours in the classroom, when the "Aeneid" was often interrupted by the "Idylls of the King" or "The Blessed Damozel," and William Morris or Arnold or Mr. Swinburne's latest lyric came to us between the lines of Horace.

"I shall not fasten upon you the heavy responsibility of having turned more than one young scholar aside into the fascinating and headlong current of contemporary poetry, never to emerge again, nor of having helped to make anything so doubtful as a minor bard. It is certain, however, that you gave us whatever solace and inspiration there is in the classics and in modern letters, and set our feet in the devious aisles of the enchanted groves of the Muses. And I for one have to thank you for a pleasure in life, almost the only one that does not fail.

"We learned from you, or we might have learned, to be zealous, to be fair, to be happy over our work, to love only what is beautiful and of good report, and to follow the truth at all hazards. If you find any good, then, in these pages, take much of the credit for it to yourself, I beg you. And whatever you can come upon of ill, attribute to that original perversity for which our grandfathers had to make allowance in their theology, and from which no master in the world can quite free even his most dexterous pupil.

"The essays which go to make up this volume were written at different times during the past six or seven years. In revising them for publication in their present form, a good deal was purely ephemeral has been cut away; so that while they may not appear to contain very much that is of great significance, neither will they, I hope, be found altogether trivial.

"Under the circumstances of their production, they could scarcely follow any coherent and continuous trend of thought. Perhaps, indeed, it is not to be expected that a book of essays should do this. They can only have a unity of feeling and outlook attaching to the writer's philosophy, as it passes from day to day through the changing pageants of Nature or through the varied pomps and vanities of this delightful world. And yet, if I must be my own apologist, perhaps I may be excused for assuming that no work of the sort, however random and perishable, will be entirely futile, if it has been done in the first place with loving sincerity and conviction. It will have in the final analysis some way of looking at life, some tendency or preference, which in a more studied work would be more formal, but not therefore necessarily more true. It may attract only a handful of readers; it may not outlive the hour, but, after all, that may be enough, if only it carry with it some hint of the experience which prompted it.

"A book is only written for him who finds it; and should carry to the finder some palpable or even intimate revelation of the man who made it. It is as if, by a tone of the voice or a turn of the head, a stranger should suddenly appeal to us as a comrade. And while it is true that the offices of friendship are not fully accomplished until we have eaten our bushel of salt together, it is also certain that the flavor of friendship may be recognized with the smallest grain. A book may be a cry in the night, like Carlyle's; or a message from the god of the wood, like Emerson's; or a song of the open, like Whitman's; or the utterance of a scholar, like Newman, from the schools of ancient learning; or it may be no more than the smiling salutation of a child in the street. Let him receive it whom it may serve.

"Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do the work of your stomach for you and digest your food just as your stomach used to when it was well. You can prove this by putting your food in a glass jar with one of the tablets and sufficient water and you will see the food digested in just the same time as the digestive fluids of the stomach would do it. That will satisfy your mind. Now, to satisfy both your mind and body take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating—eat all and what you want—and you will feel in your mind that your food is being digested because you will feel no disturbance or weight in your stomach—in fact, you will forget all about having a stomach, just as you did when you were a healthy boy or girl.

"Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act in a natural way because they contain only the natural elements of the gastric juices and other digestive fluids of the stomach. It makes no difference what condition the stomach is in, they go right ahead of their own accord and do their work. They know their business and surrounding conditions do not influence them in the least. They thus relieve the weak stomach of all its burdens and give it its much-needed rest and permit it to become strong and healthy.

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to read with satisfaction and with some little pleasure these latest tasks which I bring for your approval.

"Schools will not keep forever. By the feel of the sun it must be already past noon. Before very long the hour must strike for our dismissal from this pleasant and airy edifice, a summons less welcome than the four o'clock cathedral bell in that leafy Northern city in old days, and we shall all go scattering forth for the Great Re-creation. Before that time arrives, only let me know that, in your impartial and exacting judgment, I have not altogether failed, and I shall await the Finals with more confidence than most mortals dare enjoy.

a sedentary creature, but some of his children are restless, elusive, and enterprising. I think you have not yet harpooned and disciplined your nature to its best development. It's an interesting study anyway, with plenty of vitality and snap in it.

Fl-Fl!—It is not a thoroughly developed will, but shows strength, dominant will, and independence. The writer is clear-headed, and capable of facts-of-fact, fair and logical; somewhat of an idealist, generally discreet and somewhat cautious in dealing with the opposite sex. Perception is quick and general, mentality rather superior. There is more imagination, enterprise, and originality about this, nor marked originality. Some materialism suggests weakness of inspiration.

Gen. Rae.—It is rather a clever and progressive hand, writer being generous and impulsive, imaginative, original and much inclined to idealize things. Judgment is faulty, yet sees of proportion often false, while there is no particular sense of ruling influence yet shaping your efforts. You do not lightly give your confidence, and you are not an optimist. There is some aptness and an artistic touch in your nature. You can be bold, and like Rich and beautiful things; would be luxurious, probably, if given a chance.

Hastings.—This is a very untrained, ambitious and optimistic study, full of enthusiasm and self-confidence, and from sheer self-assertion and dominant will. It lacks sweetness and harmony. Writer is not reliable as to impulses and may easily stand in the way of her own success. There is a certain clearness and great force in the line. There is some facility of expression and a decided practical turn. She is not easily swayed by outside influences. I think she is very frank and straightforward. Hastings is a good writer.

Cymbeline.—There isn't any suggestion of an artistic career in your lines, which are also good in their originality of their traits from the study of Hastings, as are your natures. Both have ambitions. You might gain yours through plodding, but Hastings would rush at it and as quickly as he did. There is a decided promise of hard work in your lines, which are gracious, pleasant-tempered, and sympathetic, careful and discerning. You are reasonably level-headed and sensible. You don't think much about the soul awakened as you, I hope, will some day. The lines lack inspiration. You need badly some rousing and strenuous experience—but then you are not "grown up" yet.

Vera.—You are ambitious and have never satisfied your dominant ambition. I think you will. You are not as reserved or self-protective as you might be, nor have you enough of optimism. You are a fire child and Leo, one of the grandest of the whole twelve. You may easily be a person of sudden impulses and quick decisions.

Sincere.—Where have you been all these months? I can scarcely believe the date of your letter and suppose you had given up hope long ago. Well, you see, patience has its reward. For your Zodiacal influence needs to ripen in you before you can be successful. You are also Gemini, but less advanced type, writing being rather crude and immature, lacking tone and experience. It is strange that one of your years has kept so many of your childish curiosities, probably there is unusual shyness.

Madge.—Anyone who babbles at nursing because it is laborious and considers the alternative of having her voice cultivated and going on the stage is too varied for my consideration. You have soaring ambition, a gracious and ingratiating manner, pleasant temper, adaptable nature, some enterprise, small purse, quick perception—a bright but rather strong character, and fancy likely to be rather easily cast down.

Victoria.—Your writing isn't very suitable for delineation. It shows capacity for affection, love of the good things of life, a happy faculty for enjoyment and good sense. Your lines are really too uncertain to dissect further.

Presto.—You, too, like Victoria, have a good deal of growing to do. Your study of the ruder paper. Then dominant touch is good. You are good in discription, practical purpose, some elegance and facility of expression and pleasantness of temper. It is not yet properly developed.

Atta.—I wish you had used plain paper, as your writing really has some marked individuality. You are good in enterprise and cautious, imaginative, rather inclined to pessimism, and having a sympathetic beauty-loving and rather tactful person.

Agatha.—You have ambition, love praise, and often merit it. I think you are, how-

ever, modest and not conceited, even when sure of excellence.

Douglas Jerrold's stage jests were excellent not only for their closeness, but also for their severity. When it was said at the Haymarket that someone had actually been "bred on these boards," "He looks as though he had been cut out of them," was the wit's rejoinder.



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and you will find the world very much brighter to-morrow. A good complexion—the bloom of perfect health—bright eyes, clear brain—these are within the reach of all who take care of their digestive organs. Take a teaspoonful of

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in a glass of water every morning and you will find that blottches and eruptions will give place to clear clean skin. Throw away the powder puff and rouge-pot—they are counterfeits of nature. Abbey's will cure constipation, the enemy of a clear complexion.

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**TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.**

11

"The Sooner to Sleep."

NEXT Sunday, I think," he said gently. "It would be best for you to go into the hospital on Saturday. In cases like this it is not safe to put off."

"I wouldn't have it put off." "And your people? Have you anyone in London—any relations?"

She shook her head. "I've a married sister in Hull. I will write to her, but she will not be able to come."

"Let me have her address," said the doctor. "It may be a little while before you can write again, and she'll be anxious."

"I don't think I shall tell her the truth," she said slowly. "I was to have gone down there next week to keep house and see to things during her confinement; I shall have to make some excuse."

"Is there nobody else?"

The girl hesitated.

"Nobody you would like me to write to just to say it was safely over?"

"You are very good," she said, smiling.

"Not a bit," said the doctor. "As I say, you may not be able to write for a week or so, and the nurses are always busy." He stood with notebook and pencil.

"And a doctor of course has plenty of leisure," said the girl unsteadily. "Well, I won't waste more of your time than I must. He has gone to America, if you will be so very good as to write to him."

"Philip Milner," repeated the doctor, and he wrote the address as she dictated.

"He has been out there three months, but I only got his address a week ago," she went on. "If you could tell him that it went off very quietly and that there was hardly any pain—something like that, you know, for it isn't any good troubling people, is it?" She had her back to the doctor, but he could see the little gray face in the mirror.

"I quite hope to tell him that," he said cheerfully.

"And they will tell me what to do when I get to the hospital; I shan't have to worry about anything!"

"Nothing at all; just keep up a good heart."

She held out her hand, smiling. "I shall see you again on Sunday, but I should like to thank you now. It might have seemed so much worse."

He took her hand and held it. "I am just going to have some lunch; I wish you would join me. There'll be nobody but ourselves; it will be quiet and handier than a restaurant. I want you to stop for selfish reasons; I should be wondering all day at odd moments what you had had to eat. It's a long way out to Forest Gate."

Nan followed him across the hall; there was a feeling of peace in the house that even the solemn-faced servant man could not disturb. Outside a new strange world awaited her, a lifetime of four days and the black veil of Sunday beyond which there was no seeing. But here was the man who was alone responsible for what might happen, the man who had shattered the old life with a sentence of six words. While she remained with him Nan felt as if the future were more his concern than hers.

Their talk at lunch was not affectedly cheerful, still less was it gloomy. The doctor told hospital stories, he spoke of the folk she would be likely to meet, and he tried to take away the daunting menace from certain words. When they were alone he turned the conversation into more personal channels, asking about Nan's work, about her sister's concerns, and finally about the man whose address he carried in his pocket-book.

"There isn't much to tell," she said shyly. "No, no, it isn't that I mind your asking, only I don't want you to mis-understand."

"He was poor; he is not the sort of man that makes money. We used to make believe we were merely good friends; it wasn't a very successful pretense, but it served, and Phil had a sort of pride in clinging to it even when it was most threadbare." She gave a little laugh and sat thinking.

"He used to say he was treating me very unfairly, but we had each such a different notion of unfairness. I remember when he went away he said he was happy in having no ties, that there were few men who could leave so little behind them. He repeated it over like a lesson; he had a queer, child's fancy that if one said a thing often enough it would come to be true in the end."

"He is not doing very well out there. He doesn't say so, but I am too used to Philip not to understand. I feel glad to think that he cannot hear of this until it is all over. You will not tell him any more than he need know?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Come into the drawing-room," he said. "We will have a cup of coffee together before you go."

He drew a comfortable chair up to the fire and stood looking at her in silence.

"I wish you would drink your coffee," she said at last. "It must be quite cold."

"I was wondering whether you could tell the truth as bravely as you take it!"

"I think so," she said, smiling. "I have always been more ready to tell it than I found folk ready to listen."

"Well," he said, slowly, "I want you to tell me just what it is you most fear."

I spend my time seeing people through tight places; you can mostly reckon on their pluck, but you can't reckon on the things they choose to be frightened of."

"I think—" began Nan.

"I want you to look at me; I know fear when I see it."

"If I could only be sure that Sunday were all," she said, tremulously, "I shouldn't be frightened of that; indeed it would seem to explain other things. But to live on disabilities, to bear pain that made one each day less oneself, perhaps to turn coward and—nd snivel."

"You have no need to fear that."

"Ah! But how can one tell? One never knows till one is proved."

"You will not be proved," he said gently.

"You think not?" she said, meeting his eyes steadily.

"I might say I was sure of it. It is one of two things—the hope of a real recovery, or else— You've had some hard knocks, out that would be the last of them."

He turned away his head and looked down into the fire. After a while Nan spoke again.

"I shall be able to tell him the whole truth now. I will give you the letter on Sunday to send with yours if it's needed. I want you, in that case (if

you wouldn't mind), to speak of me as 'Nan.' It would sound so much less dreary to him than 'Miss Harker'; he would be thinking I had died alone in a strange land. It would trouble him. It is just as you say; one worries so unnecessarily. I used to wonder how I should spend my life waiting; I never thought of anything so simple as this."

She got up from her chair and stood at his elbow. "You are very clever at understanding most things," she said, softening, "but I do not think you will ever understand what you have been to me. And I shall have known you just five days on Sunday."—Caroline Marriage in "Outlook."

Flaxseed and Mustard.

What a jolly thing a cold is when you get it good and hard! How it chears the drooping spirits of the energetic hard!

Hear the cheerful way he sneezes! How he pleases with his wheezes! And his treated nose! His scroches While he rubs his chest with lard. While the trustiest of nurses by his verses never flustered.

Makes a poultice, like a custard, Of the flaxseed and the mustard!

What a jolly thing a cold is! With the poultice in its place! When your heart is filled with gladness and the sweat runs down your face!

Does the patient do some cursing At the fussing and the musing? Nay! He's learnedly discussing The improvement of the race. Never yelled and never blustered. When he felt that stinging rustin Made of flaxseed and of mustard!

What a jolly thing a cold is! Oh, theilar that I am! Am I a lamb? No, I'm not! I'm fiercely cranky At this measly hankie-panky. Will I snap that stuff? No, thankee!

Hear the doctors and the nurses! Let the druggists hear my curses! On their shelves permit to spill Senna, salts, and castor oil!

Go to meet me, earin nothin', Go as though I was my coffin! With my body wrapped in worsted. And a poultice, like a custard!

Grief Alexander in Pittsburg "Dish-

Message to all Canadians

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure all Stages of Kidney Disease.

Emilien Clouatre had Backache, Headache and Could not Sleep—Now he can Sleep, Work and Enjoy Life—Dodd's Kidney Pills did it.

Val Racine, Que., Nov. 23.—(Special)—In these days when nearly every newspaper tells of deaths from Kidney Disease the case of Emilien Clouatre of this place comes as a message of hope to the Canadian people. He had Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him completely and permanently.

M. Clouatre is always glad to tell of his cure. He says: "I cannot do otherwise than praise Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cured me of Kidney Disease."

"I had pains in the back and headache and could not sleep at nights. I got up in the morning more fatigued than the night before. I took nine boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me completely. Now I can sleep well and work well, and my backache and headache are gone. I have had no trouble since I took Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease. They have an unbroken record of thirteen years in Canada.

Womanhood Must Wash.

George Herbert Palmer, professor of philosophy in Harvard University, is optimistic in regard to the college woman. He does not believe that the higher education is going to harm the true woman, and says that it does not speak well for a woman if she cannot stand a college training. His opinion on the subject has been asked so many times that he decided to settle the matter once for all, and the last time he was asked the usual question he replied briefly and to the point, "I have no use for womanhood that won't wash."

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman bathes was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compounded in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents, chief among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarian attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

Notes Sent to Teacher.

These notes are declared by the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" to be authentic:

Teacher—What shall I do mit Charley? Me and my man can't nothing make of him. When we want to lick der little imp he gets the bed under where we can't reach for him and must put a hook on her bedroom door to hold him for his licking. Please soak him in school shust as often as you got time.

Teacher—If Louis is bad please lick him until his eyes are blue. He is very stubborn. He has a good deal of the mule in him. He takes after his father.

Teacher—I think you are a fool. You want my boy to read when he don't no alfabet. Please teach him some.

Miss Brown—You must stop teach my Lizzie fiscal torture she needs yet reading and figures isn't sum more as that, if I want her to do jumpin I can make her jump.

Miss—My boy tells me when I think Bebe der overcoat from my stomach gets too thick. Please be so kind and intervene in my family affairs.

Dear teacher—Please excuse Fritz for staying home he had der measles to afflict his father.

Teacher—Please excuse Rachel for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother.

Teacher—You must excuse my girl for

not coming to school she was sick and laid in a common dose state for three days.

Ferrol, a Weight Builder.

Ferrol is not a medicine in the usual sense of the term.

It is a blood and tissue food, a nerve strengthener.

Not merely a nerve soother, but a tonic that tones up the whole nervous system.

Then Ferrol combines cod liver oil and iron in such a manner that these peerless tissue builders are easily assimilated, are not repulsive to the most delicate stomachs as they are in the ordinary crude forms in which they are offered for sale.

The first sign of failing health is the falling off in weight.

It indicates improper assimilation, due to derangements of the stomach, blood or nervous system.

Ferrol quickly corrects these troubles by setting the nerves in proper tone and then building up blood and tissue with the least possible assimilative effort.

At all druggists. Free samples from the Ferrol Company (Limited), Toronto.

A Good Dinner Made De Blowitz Talk.

"Getting what you want from kings or statesmen" De Blowitz said to me once, "is all a matter of dining with the right people."

Never a truer word was said.

De Blowitz, himself, who knew more of Europe than all Europe put together—who checkmated Bismarck and "cooked Count Munster's goose"—most did his work at the dinner-table or in the ball-room.

In persuading him to write his memoirs I followed his precept. For over a year we smoked and talked and dined and talked—there in his marvelous home in the Rue Greuze—until somehow or other he began to write his reminiscences. He had written four or five papers; I do not know whether he would have finished them or not had the "Times" stepped opportunity in.

One morning I found him sitting in his bedroom by the window that looks out on the little burying ground of Passy. He was wrapped in his old, red, wadded silk dressing gown; his legs were crossed under him and he looked—the huge, short, egg-shaped man—more like a little Buddhist idol than ever before.

"Well, I've left the 'Times,'" he said; there was a long silence, and then he added: "They turned me off like an old horse."

When this remark was telegraphed to London the "Times" denied that it had turned its great man off "like an old horse." I do not know what special kind of turning off that is, but the intrigue that resulted in De Blowitz's withdrawal was a nasty piece of business, and he used the words I have quoted.

His dog "Fly," fat and old as he, waddled up to him and lay by his chair; and so I left them—the old, worn-out friends. In a few days he went to his country place at Les Petites Dalles on the Normandy coast; for the next few months the memoirs advanced rapidly. I made a short visit to New York, and, on my

return to Paris, found a telegram inviting me to breakfast. When I went to his home, the next day, he had taken to his bed. He had been stricken down suddenly and was dying. Over his head hung a great crucifix of silver and ebony; the beads were in his hands. He looked up, however, with the grim humor that was always in him.

"I have 'Fly's' illness," said he, "but the worst of it is that they can't poison me to put me out of my pain."

Two days later he was dead.—Vance Thompson in "Success."

A Polite Prisoner.

The lady who was visiting the jail had been much impressed with the appearance and behavior of the prisoners, and she took occasion to express her approval to the warden.

"They seem as courteous as anybody," she said, enthusiastically, "even if they don't say anything."

"Yes, they're polite enough," assented the jailer. "But I'm a little suspicious of too fine manners."

"I don't see how

MUSIC

THE experiment of giving a Sunday concert in the Princess Theatre, which was tried for the first time last Sabbath evening, was attended with signal success, if success may be measured by the size of the audience. The auditorium was packed to the doors, and the receipts from the modest silver collections totalled about \$150. The occasion witnessed the first appearance of the "Irish-Canadian" Band under the direction of Signor Quivron, late bandmaster of the Royal Victoria Rifles, Montreal. There were about sixty players on the stage, mostly recruited from the musicians of the city theaters. I understand that the object of the promoters of the movement is to keep these musicians together as an organization during the winter months by means of concerts and rehearsals, so that in the summer, when the salary of the theater orchestral players vanishes, they will be in a position to give respectable performances throughout the country. I have no prejudice against Sunday concerts as such. They are a feature of musical life in many of the cities of Europe and even in London itself. The law in London, I believe, requires as a condition for permitting Sunday concerts that they must not be given for profit, or, in other words, all excess of receipts over legitimate expenditure must be handed over to some charity. The concert at the Princess seems to have fulfilled this condition, as the proceeds were intended to benefit the Children's Shelter. As might have been expected in the case of a band only just organized and that has had only a few rehearsals as a unit, the performance was in many respects rather crude, especially in Beethoven's famous overture "Egmont." The clarinets and woodwind generally were very timid in their attacks and execution, and often much astray in their intonation. There was a want, too, of well marked rhythmical definition and metrical accent in the playing of the band as a whole. On the other hand, the performance had sufficient merit and was of a character to justify the belief that there are most encouraging possibilities of satisfactory development, if the band can be kept together. Signor Quivron appears to be a careful director, and with his past experience he should be able, in due time, to effect a marked improvement in the ensemble of the band. On the whole, the programme was of a good class, including in addition to the Beethoven overture, Wagner's march and pilgrim's chorus from "Tannhäuser," an arrangement of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Meyerbeer's "Marche aux Flambeaux," No. 3, a selection from "Rigoletto" and Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." Mr. F. Nicolai, solo violinist, contributed a transcription of Chopin's Second Nocturne, Mrs. Oiphant sang Liddle's "Abide With Me" and Master Clegg sang "A Dream of Paradise" and also played a xylophone solo. The soloists were all recalled. I understand that it is proposed in certain quarters to give an orchestral concert at the theater some Sunday in the near future.

Mr. Watkin Mills has been booked by Mr. W. Spencer Jones as primo basso for the big Cincinnati May festival next spring. The performances take place the entire week of May 9. The distinguished basso leaves immediately after for San Francisco, whence he sails for Australia.

Crystal Brown of Erie, Pa., and recently of Toronto, sang at a musicale in Buffalo recently. Speaking of his work, the Buffalo "Enquirer" says: "An enjoyable musicale was given in the Assembly Hall of the Teachers' Training School on Tuesday afternoon, in which Mr. Chrystal Brown of Erie and Mr. Henry W. Hill, organist of the Church of Ascension of this city, participated. Mr. Brown possesses a larynx of unusual purity and sweetness, and his singing is characterized by a grace and refinement of expression that completely captivates his audience."

On Thursday evening, December 10, a piano recital will be given at the Toronto College of Music by Miss Ella Cleghorn, pupil of Mrs. Sullivan-Mallon. She will be assisted by Miss Florence Walton, vocalist; Miss Ivy V. Young, reader, and Miss Pauline B. Grant, accompanist.

Mr. Harold Jarvis, the Detroit tenor, who is now on tour with Mr. Owen A. Smily, has been chosen by the Michigan delegates to represent that State at the Inter-State Musical Festival held in connection with the St. Louis Exposition. This is a very high honor.

The authorities of the University of Toronto announce that they will hold examinations in December in connection with their local examinations in music. The examinations in theory are fixed at the local centers for Tuesday, December 29, and in practical work for December 30 and 31, at the University main building. This does not look like an abandonment of the music examinations, as was predicted some time ago by an imaginative correspondent.

The demand for seats for the three concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir has been so large that the executive committee have come to the conclusion that they will accept no more subscriptions. The number of seats called for by each subscription will not be increased, as it is impossible to provide for additional seats on the present subscription list. The Massey Hall will consequently be filled to its capacity at each concert.

Two successful and pleasing concerts were given at the Model School of Music on the evenings of the 13th and 14th instant. At the first concert the programme was supplied by the pupils—Misses Alice Black, Marion Brandon, Bertha Hastings, Iva Kantell, Annie McNeil, Gladys Sutton, with Master Alfred Collett giving the piano numbers, Miss Jessie Constable, Miss Violet Dennis and Masters Arthur Martin and Fred Singer the violin numbers, and Miss Mabel Lee representing the vocal department. The rendering of the selections indicated careful work and conscientious instruction. At the second concert the pro-

gramme was supplied by the teachers. The programme was of a more exacting nature, and included works of Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Liszt, Sinding, Wieniawski and Sarasate. The teachers who appeared were Misses Maude McLean and Edith J. Mason, piano, and Marguerite Waste, violin. Miss Mabel Lee sang in the absence of Mrs. Kennedy. Excellent work was demonstrated in each case.

Thursday evening of last week a selected concert was given in the Dovercourt Road Baptist Church by the choir and orchestra, who themselves furnished some choice selections. A feature of the event was the debut of the Toronto Mixed Quartette, whose two numbers were rendered in a most pleasing manner. Miss Elspeth McDonald's reading showed great, and one, with violin obligato, was received with special favor. Mrs. Little, soprano soloist at Western Congregational Church, gave a solo with good effect and also sang in a duet with Arthur Uvedale, the English tenor. Solos were also contributed by Arthur Uvedale, Willard Demmery and Mrs. Callan. The accompanists were Mr. Collier Stevenson and the Misses Porter, who gave satisfaction in that capacity.

An amusing anecdote related by Hermann Klein in his "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," just published, relates to the first interview of Anton Seidl with Wagner in the library at Wahnfried. Seidl found the room dark, and imagining nobody was there, pulled out his letter of introduction and began silently rehearsing the speech he had prepared. Suddenly from out of a gloomy corner Wagner appeared and Seidl was so nervous that he could not bring out a sentence of his speech. This proved to be his salvation, for Wagner, declaring, "If you can work as well as you can hold your tongue," engaged him on the spot.

Writing of the disadvantages to which singers are subjected, an English specialist says: "Instrumentalists—even under unfavorable conditions—have a far greater chance. Their instruments are made for them—they can see them, touch them and thoroughly examine and understand the mechanism of each; they can watch their teacher's performances and endeavor to imitate them; but the singers! Everyone has different organs in size and shape and strength; everyone has different capabilities and possibilities, and not sufficient time to understand how to use them, nor can they ever see how their vocal apparatus acts while singing. They have to study for years, and daily, constantly watching the physical sensations they experience while in the act of singing, before they can thoroughly control their hidden instrument."

Referring to the claim of a German physician that he has proved that the study of the piano forte is responsible for an alarming amount of nervous exhaustion in young people, the "Daily Telegraph," London, says: "We can quite understand that this would be the case where a delicate pupil had his strength overruled by his preceptor. But even more interesting than the above would be statistics as to the number of nervous systems shattered by the piano forte next door."

In "Musical Pastels," Mr. George P. Upton has an interesting and appreciative article on William Billings, the "father of American music." To William Billings, a good tanner, good patriot and good Christian of Boston, Mass., self-taught and self-made, belongs the high honor of being the first to compose music in the United States. To this sturdy eighteenth century Yankee must also be ascribed the paternity of the church choir, the singing school and the secular concert of this country. Crude as his compositions were, and violating as they did all the conventional laws of harmony, they were nevertheless so infused with vigor, enthusiasm and tunefulness that some of them have survived to the present time, holding their places persistently in the multitudinous modern psalmody. Rugged in style, imperfect in harmony, unpolished in composition as they are, they must ever command respect as the beginnings of American music."

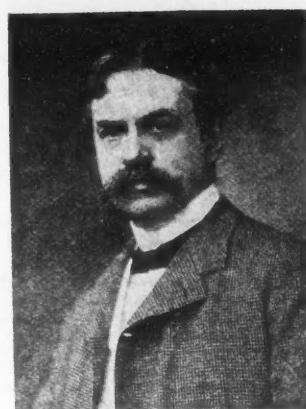
"Billings' sacred music was the first protest against the English psalmody, which had been in use for nearly a century and a half. . . . It was in the year 1770 that William Billings declared American musical independence. He was at that time in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and engaged in tanning in Boston. He had a common school education, and showed an early inclination toward music, but in this art he was self-taught, his only sources of knowledge being the labored and often incorrect musical grammars that prefaced the English psalters. His studio was the tannery, and upon its walls and upon the hides he wrote the first music with chalk."

Physically Billings was a bundle of deformities, which were matched by mental qualities equally eccentric, oddity of humor being the most conspicuous. He wrote much music as though it were never to be heard again, and his songs were sung as much around camp fires as in the churches. He died September 26, 1800, and notwithstanding the vague of his compositions, in indigent circumstances.

The concert of Mme. Patti in Massey Hall on December 3 will be particularly interesting as proving it possible for a woman to preserve her voice up to a certain standard of beauty and flexibility up to the advanced age of sixty-one years. No doubt the famous prima donna will be received by a large gathering, in which the curious feminine element will be largely represented, but which will also include many musical people who have a sympathetic feeling of gratefulness and respect for a singer who in the past has done so much to illustrate to them what beautiful singing really is.

The recital last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music was given by piano and vocal pupils of Dr. Torrington. The pianists who appeared were Annie Ivory, Gertrude Anderson, Eveline Ashworth, Pauline Grant, Eugenie Maxwell, Elizabeth Westlake, Dolley Blair and Adele Barnard. Vocal numbers were contributed by Nellie Aston, Kate Ellis, Marie Smith, Clara Torrington and Mr. J. F. Tilley.

In Paris the principal orchestral concerts are given on Sunday afternoons. Chevillard (the successor of Lamoureux) and Colonne both opened their season on



of, and the reason of it appears to be that the ruler of the U.S.A. emphatically refused to don fashionable attire. Sometimes he actually refuses to have new clothes at all, and he always has to be coaxed and wheedled into ordering them. There are good many great men built that way, and if I remember rightly Mr. Gladstone was one of them. It is curious that while intellect soars, mediocrity togs itself up to the nine. If all the genuses of today were grouped together and denuded of their wearing apparel I question whether enough would be realized to equip a rag shop.

To live, the surgeon and the critic must draw blood.—"Life."

Marriage is all very well, but it should never be allowed to become a habit.—"Life."

"Doesn't he ever go to church?" "No. Why should he? He is in the employ of a wholesale millinery house."—Chicago "Evening Post."

Guest—I understand this club has a rule that there shall be no seeing the waiters. Waiter—Yes, sir; but we never think of reporting when the rule is broken.

"For some time past," said Mr. Pompus Nuritch, who had engaged passage for Europe, "I've been contemplating a visit to the scenes associated with the lives of my ancestors." "That so?" replied Peppery; "going slumming, eh?"—Philadelphia "Press."

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October 18. Colonne had Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony, a Bach concerto and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, while Chevillard gave a concert performance of the whole third act of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung." Both had large audiences, and Chevillard promptly announced a repetition of his programme for the following Sunday.

Miss Jean Forbes has resigned her position as soprano soloist in Trinity Methodist choir to accept engagements for special church work in the city and outside towns.

Miss Florence Segsworth invites all lovers of art to an exhibition of her original designs applied to china, to be held in Roberts' Art Gallery, 51 King street west, the following week. Since her recent introduction of this work to Canada it has been watched with interest and is constantly growing in favor. She has also some good studies in water colors and oils.

Suicide's Poem.

A strange story was told to a coroner's jury at Hammersmith recently. Mr. Henry Read, a retired builder, was staying with some relatives at Shepherd's Bush. He had never threatened to commit suicide, but one morning he was found dead, his wrist having been cut with the blade taken from a safety razor.

In his room were found some verses in his handwriting and initialed by him, and a note to his wife, who was in the country.

The verses were as follows:

Bring no vain chariot to my grave.
Once when you might, could have
blessed me.

A lonely life, an aching breast;
But nothing now can help or save.

Your love when needed was not given,
And now who cares Life's bands are riven!

Shed o'er my dust no fruitless tears.
Oh, once your pitiful eyes have seen
The world around, an weary set
Through all the joyless bitter years.

May weep not for the might have been,
God's rain will keep my gravelet green.

Breathe o'er the dead no word of praise.
Once living, I had 'scapt to hear

The tones I loved—the voice of cheer
Make music through my sunless days.

But now the wind alone may sweep
Over the daisies where I sleep.

Oh, idle tears, oh, wreaths too late!
I care not now, the need is o'er.

My love is gone, the strain, the heat, the hate,
The strain, the heat, the chill, the hate.

Oh, strain, the heat, the chill, the hate,
Now 'twere well to pass me by.

The note ran:

"You know what I have always said if anything should happen, and we know it may at any time. I wish a plain, unpolished coffin and no flowers. My tools will pay for that. They have been friends in the past; let them pass away with me."

Mr. Read's son said that his father enjoyed good health, was of a cheerful disposition, and without trouble. He imagined his father accidentally cut himself, as he was a believer in "bleeding" for the relief of pain.

The jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

Englishmen's Three Gods.

The Englishman is the last man among civilized races to be an artist, a musician or a poet, but he is the first to be a gentleman. An Englishman thinks coldly, loves coldly and fights coldly, but he gets there just the same. There is always a fascinating smoothness about him, and he worships three gods—his flag, his trade and his top-hat."—Bulletin, Sydney.

Impossible Shakespeare.

Critic—Marvelous drama of yours, sir. There's a scene in that play that Shakespeare himself could not have written.

Author—Indeed; you are too flattering.

Critic—I was referring to that railway smash in the third act.—"Tit-Bits."

Sheared Samson.

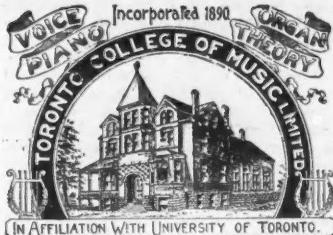
Stubb—Female barbers are something of a novelty.

Penn—Nothing of the kind. They had a female barber in Biblical days.

Stubb—Get out! What was her name?

Penn—Delilah.—Chicago "News."

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Walter C. Bonnell (nee Wylie) will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Tuesday, December 1st, at 636 Spadina avenue. Mrs. William Charles Brent (nee Deyell of Port Hope) will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Tuesday, December 1st, afternoon and evening, at 123 Howland avenue. The annual conversations of Victoria University will be held in the college building Friday evening, December 4th, at eight o'clock. Mrs. Hubert M. Wetherald (nee MacLeod) will hold her post-nuptial reception on the afternoon and evening of Friday, December 4th, at 22 Beaconsfield avenue. Mrs. Wetherald will be at home on the second and fourth Thursdays. Mrs. Allan C. Iler (nee Hellwell) will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Wednesday afternoon, December 2nd, at her mother's home, 187 Carlton street.

Mrs. Walter Percival Merrick (nee Gray) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday, December 2nd, at 142 Mutual street, and afternoons on the first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld gave a second dinner on Wednesday evening at Dunedin.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie gave a very beautiful luncheon at Holmstead on Thursday, at which their out-of-town

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guests who were able to remain in Hamilton until the afternoon were entertained. Some fifty or more enjoyed a most elegant luncheon.

Next Wednesday evening Mr. James L. Hughes will lecture before the Pickwick Club in the Conservatory of Music, College street, on "Charles Dickens."

Mrs. Bickford of 72 St. George street and Captain Bickford will sail for London on the steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm" from New York on December 15. Mrs. Bickford will spend the winter in Italy and Captain Bickford will rejoin his regiment.

Mrs. T. Worthington Juill (nee Fulton) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon and evening, at 1243 King west.

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Births

Burton—Nov. 25. Toronto. Mrs. Edgar S. McWhinney—Nov. 24. Toronto. Mrs. W. J. McWhinney, a son.

Foster—Nov. 21. St. Thomas. Mrs. G. Colley Foster, a daughter.

Duncan—Nov. 22. Hamilton. Mrs. Duncan Campbell, a son.

Hyde—Nov. 22. Toronto. Mrs. T. B. Hyde, a daughter.

Deaths

McDonald—Nov. 21. Toronto. Samuel Smith McDonald, aged 65 years.

Dumbie—Cobourg, J. H. Dumbie, aged 74 years.

Magee—Nov. 22. Hamilton. Annie Magee, wife of John Magee.

Nafiel, aged 60 years.

Rathbun—Nov. 24. Deseronto. Edward W. Rathbun, aged 62 years.

Meredith—Nov. 24. Toronto. Charles Meredith, aged 69 years.

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Meredith—Nov. 24. Toronto. Charles Meredith, aged 69 years.

Deaths

Grant—McCaughay—Nov. 18. William Hay Grant to Margaret Almira McCaughay.

Spurley—Katherine Spurley to Florence Emma Prosser.

Couthard—Drenan—Nov. 20. Toronto. Joseph Couthard to Tillie M. Drenan.

Downing—Stone—Toronto. Arthur A. Downing to Anna M. Stone.

Deaths

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Words That go to The Bad.

It may seem whimsical to attribute a quality of original sin to the dictionary, but there is certainly some tendency in words, as there is in human nature, which makes for degeneracy. A word comes into the world, like the babe, in a state of innocence. Look at it after a few centuries, or even decades, and the chances are that you will find it coarsened, if not actually soiled. To take a very simple and obvious instance: one would say that "knowledge" was an idea so definite and excellent that it could not take on any unworthy significance. Yet to say that a person is "knowing" is not always an unadulterated compliment; it suggests wisdom plus certain other qualities which had no place in the original meaning. Still more sad is the case of the word "cunning," etymologically identical with "knowledge," and now so far removed from it that only the students of language know they are related. Think, too, of our forefathers' euphemism for a witch—"wise woman"—wise with the wisdom, as the "cunning" man is learned with the knowledge, of an inferior world to this.

The same debasing principle may be seen at work in such words as "notorious." Many living descendants of Mrs. Malaprop use the word as if it were a synonym of "notable," not detecting that the trail of the serpent is already over it. The word has not yet gone very far on the downward path—not so far, for instance, as "enormity"—but it has long since acquired the specific meaning of fame in the evil sense. You call an anarchist notorious, but not an archbishop. That the distinction was made in Shakespeare's time is plain from the fact that he applies the epithet to "knaves," "villains," "pirates," "liars," and other persons not admitted to polite society. Perhaps—who knows?—it was he who gave it the first push on its downward career. It is only within recent times—probably since the arrival of musical comedy—that that push has been given to the word "suggestive." You may still speak with perfect correctness of a "suggestive" book or a "suggestive" sermon as one charged with thought; and yet when you speak of a "suggestive" play, it is not, as a rule, its intellectual quality to which you wish to call attention. If we are to argue from experience, we must conclude that some day the word will confine itself to that meaning exclusively, and we shall have to find some other term for purposes of economy. It is merely by the differentiation of spelling—a modern innovation—that the word "holiday" has been saved from a similar, though not so sinister, double-meaning. Probably "Arry will disbelieve you if you tell him that his bank holiday was originally connected with religion; so wide has the gap become between "holiday" and "holy day." It is a typical instance of the family quarrels that occur among words. The reader who walks unwarily among writings of the elder time must be prepared for shocks. He may come across Beaumont and Fletcher's "white as the blooming hawthorn," or even Gascoigne's old lynn, "O Abraham's brats, O broad of blessed seed!" Quite analogous is the change in the use of the word "imp." Did not Bacon's "Pathway Unto Prayer" ask us to "pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son, Edward our Prince, that most angelic imp?" A very terrible instance of degradation is the word "silly," which has very nearly completed the circle of significance. In Anglo-Saxon times it meant simply "blessed." Thence it came to be associated with the idea of harmlessness, then of weakness, then of simplicity, then of foolishness. The proverbial expression "silly Suffolk" does not imply any reflection on the sanity of East Anglia.

The misadventures of "silly" are no more pathetic than those of certain ill-fated words, which, in the whirligig of time, have come round to bear precisely the opposite of their original meaning. We do not associate the word "beldam" with beauty, and yet does it not come from the French "belle dame"—fair lady? Did not Milton, without the least idea or depreciation, speak of "beldam Nature"? "Egregious" is another case in point. Etymologically meaning a person apart—a sheep out of the flock—it is now used exclusively as a term of contumely. The Elizabethans could speak of an "egregious soul," as in Marston's play "Sophonisba":

Erichtho
'Bove thunder sits; to thee, egregious soul,
Let all flesh bend.'

Probably Thackeray, when he wrote of drawing "some one splendid and egregious," was the last to use the word in its proper sense. Similarly, had the word "unspeakeable" been applied to the Turk or the Scot three hundred years ago, it would have been very high praise indeed. It would then have meant that their virtues could not be uttered. St. Peter speaks of "joy unspeakable." In both these cases it is easy to see how the two meanings are associated, just as one can still speak of both pleasure and pain as "exquisite," but the significant thing is that the original and better meaning of "egregious" and "unspeakeable" has been entirely lost. It is this steady downward propensity of the language which is so puzzling. It is not easy to find instances of words which, beginning with sordid associations, have become exclusively attached to worthier objects. Do words have a society of their own from which it is easy to be ostracized, and into which it is hard to gain admittance? Black satin went out of fashion because a murderer elected to be hanged in it; can one imagine that words which have permitted themselves to be used in an unworthy connection are henceforth cut off from the society of their immaculate fellows? Or is it simply the law of the world at large—*fatuus desensus Averni*—that there are a hundred ways of going wrong and only one of going right? There would certainly seem to be some sort of law that governs erring words. Like Falstaff, they "will down, though the bottom be as deep as"—Avernum. Mr. Chesterton shows cognizance of the fact when, in his "Browning," he remarks that "if anyone wishes to see how grossly language can degenerate, the need only compare the old optimistic use of the word nervous, which we em-

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ploy in speaking of a nervous grip, with the new pessimistic use of the word, which we employ in speaking of a nervous manner."

Some few words remain in a curious state of suspended significance. Just as there are cases of blossom and fruit being found on the same tree, so we have the anomaly in the dictionary of "demeane" bearing the original meaning and "demeanor" bearing the later and acquired meaning. "Demeanor," of course, simply means behavior in a perfectly neutral sense; it may be applied to the king on the throne or the criminal in the dock. Yet the verb, starting from the same beginning, is now specialized in the bad sense beyond hope of recall. To "demean oneself" means to behave oneself badly, the "badly" being an idea which the waves of Time have left, like an icterusation, on a word which connoted originally no moral qualities whatever. It makes one wonder with a certain trepidation whether any word is safe. Will our great-grandchildren be unable to use the word "ink-stand" for fear it should be considered an undesirable sort of ink-stand? It is a dispiriting reflection that the whole trend of the language seems to be downwards, that it is continually rushing over a steep place, like the Gadiarene swine. What is to be the end of it? It clearly means that in the not very distant future there will be a much greater variety of words to apply to the lower side of life than to the higher. The novelist of the future may have to be a realist simply because of the greater specialization of the language. As it is, any sub-editor can tell you that there is a far larger choice of adjectives to be applied to the abnormal and the terrible than to the ordinary and the beneficial. There are five words to describe a murderer to one that can be applied to a rescue or a heroism. So, in the ages to come, we shall have a language rich in its lower strata, splendidly equipped for the exploitation of the ugly, the sordid, the wicked, but only passably supplied with material for epic or philosophy.—The "Academy."

Parting.

It has always been a moot point whether absence really does make the heart grow fonder, or whether there is not more truth in the saying, cynical though it be, "Out of sight, out of mind." I am inclined to think, from what one knows of the world, and of the people in it, that the latter solution is the true one. An imaginative person, cherishing fondly a supremely impossible ideal, may no doubt become more and more impressed by the perfections of the loved one, as he—or she—creates and nurses a delusion—a delusion which time and distance may tend to preserve from being destroyed by the rude shock of reality.

But to the unimaginative, matter-of-fact majority, the past is nothing, the future *unheard*, while the present is everything. "Time's busy fingers are not practised in reslicing broken ties," they say, in effect, when they mean to excuse their forgetfulness or inconstancy.

Origin of The Handkerchief.

The evolution of the pocket-handkerchief is odd and interesting. There was a time when it was an unmentionable thing—an article to be kept out of sight and referred to only in a whisper. In polite conversation it was carefully avoided, and as to one's being caught using a handkerchief, it meant social ostracism.

This state of things obtained up to the time of the first Napoleon, when the Empress Josephine brought it forward for a personal reason. The only defect in her beauty was an irregularity of the teeth, and to hide this she used a delicate little handkerchief, which from time to time she raised to her lips. Thus she was enabled to laugh occasionally. Seeing that it was a case of either laughter going out or handkerchiefs coming into fashion, the court ladies adopted the pretty piece of cambric and lace, and it quickly came into favor with all classes.

In England the evolution of the article which is now so openly displayed by women was equally slow. There was a time when it was forbidden to mention it on the stage or to make use of it even in the most tearful situation, while the people in the gallery and the pit shed their tears into their laps. Even when it was mentioned for the first time in one of Shakespeare's plays it was received with hisses, and general indignation by the audience. Little by little, however, the prejudice gave way, and a time came when the handkerchief

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When the King went to dine with his dire and preventable sufferings of the troops during that awful winter before Sebastopol; and, on the other hand, it was his glowing eloquence, lit by Hibernian fire, that left imperishable records of the Balaklava charge and the "soldier's battle" of Inkermann. The two civilian names of that epoch which sprang instinctively to everyone's lips when the war was mentioned were Dr. W. H. Russell's and Florence Nightingale's.—London "Outlook."

A common type of persons are those who will never consent to be outdone on

any subject. One of these marvel-mongers, relates a contemporary, was talking to a friend at a railway station the other day, when a very small man toddled down the platform. "Look at that little creature!" the friend said. "By Jove! that's the smallest man I ever saw in my life!" "Really?" his companion carelessly rejoined. "Really? Yes, really and truly too. Do you mean to say that you have ever seen a smaller?" said the friend; and he soon had his answer. "My dear fellow, I know a man so small that if he has a pain he can't tell whether he has a sore throat or a stomach-ache."



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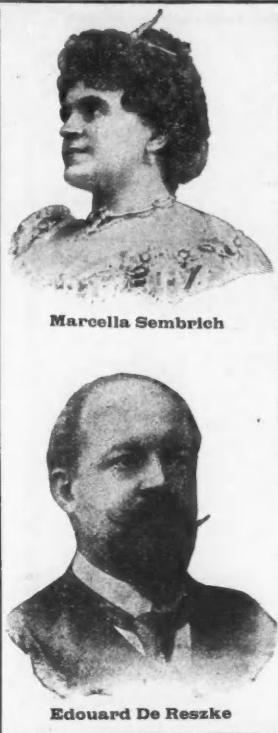
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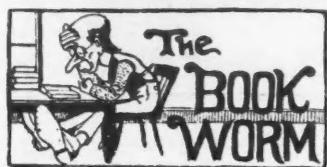
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TWO LITTLE SAVAGES," published by William Briggs, is Ernest Thompson Seton's account of the adventures of two boys who lived as Indians. There are over two hundred drawings, and the reader is informed that the designs for cover, title-page and general make-up were done by Grace Gallatin Seton. The book is as attractive from the artistic as from the literary standpoint. In fact, one is tempted to wander from the cold type and let the pictures tell the story. Glenyan Yan and Sanger Sam are two delightful small boys who take to the woods in a most enthusiastic fashion. The story of what they saw and did, of how they learned "Campcraft" and made friends with the "Woodfolk" is told with the same vivid sympathy that made us at home with Krag and Molly Cottontail. There is a touch of mystery about the life, and the old witch, Graney de Neuville, is a shadowy figure that gives the reader a pleasantly haunted feeling. Cracked Jimmy turns her sayings into poetry in this easy style:

"First a curl of Birch bark, as dry as it kin be,
Then some twigs of soft wood, dead, but on the tree;
Last o' all some Pine knots to make the little foam,
An' that's a fire to make you think you're settin' right at home."

The boy who will not be pleased with "Two Little Savages" for a Christmas box is hardly a human boy at all, and the "grown-up" who is not interested in these two precocious babes in the wood has lost the best thing in the world—the spirit of youth.

"The Souter's Lamp," by Hector MacGregor, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, will prove a stumbling-block to those unacquainted with Scotch dialect. But the difficulty of dialect is worth overcoming for the sake of joining the quaint group that met on "Settuesday" in the Souter's kitchen, and of knowing the simple people of the glen. Each little sketch is a picture of Scotch life portrayed by a skilful and familiar hand.

"Sons of Vengeance," published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, is a tale of the Cumberland Highlanders by Joseph S. Malone. In spite of the sensational title, the story is only mildly interesting. It comes well within the class known as "Sunday school books."

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York have recently published Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors" from the text of the plays in the Folio of 1623. The work is edited with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings and selected criticism by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. To those who appreciate the rational and scientific method of literary study, this volume will be welcome indeed. Dr. Furness first directed attention to the importance of studying the original, and since his day students of Shakespeare have turned to the text of the seventeenth century. This edition, by means of footnotes, puts the reader in command of the facts and results accruing "from the generations of Shakespeare scholarship until now." Type, cover and frontispiece are new, and make the greatness of the contents, and make the little volume a delight to the book-lover.

"The Edge of Things," published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, is a novel of Western life by Ella W. Peattie, who has written a story of enthralling interest about men who "did things." The reader is asked to divide his time between a Californian desert and Alaska, and to divide his sympathies between Louis Papin, a worn-out and heart-sore man, who has sought the desert for relief, and Dilling Brown, a fresh, ardent college man, who falls into despair in California and is rescued therefrom by a comrade who takes him off to the North. The practical reader may scoff at the idea of a strong man falling in love with the unknown wearer of a little blue thimble, but the best part of the story is Dilling Brown's search for Katherine. There is not a dull chapter in the book. The writer's style is as untrammelled as the life he describes, and what is more remarkable in these days, there is a wholesome, manly beauty in the best things that makes the atmosphere of the book invigorating.

Rather a pretty, quaint novelette entitled "That Betty," written by Harriet

Prescott Spofford, has recently been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

One of the new novels published by the Musson Book Company (Limited) is "The Black Shilling," by Amelia E. Barr. It is a tale that gives an interesting sketch of the days of witchcraft in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and it portrays a quaint picture of life in old Boston town. The title is apt to arrest attention. "The Black Shilling," as it was known then, was understood to be a piece of money given by the devil to one who had signed a contract with her blood to serve him body and soul, thereby gaining the uncanny power of a witch. From beginning to end the writer clings to the ever-popular theme of love, no less than three "affaires de coeur" being introduced. But the most striking feature of the story lies in the sayings and doings of superstitious fanatics, some of whom believed that the world was the battleground of devils, and that Satan, with all his subtle and raging malice, was wandering up and down, in the ranks of men, to work unrest and ruin. Doleful witchcraft that existed before the long, triumphant struggle for religious freedom! It places the elements of the weird and unreal distinctly felt, but the effect is invariably lost in the given snatches of sunny home-life and in glimpses of the dream palaces of the human heart and mind. The book is well written and well worth reading.

Robert Barr's latest offering, "Over the Border" (Copp, Clark Company, Limited), is another of those taking and rather exciting stories with which the market has been overflowing. It introduces incidents in the times of Charles I. and II., and abounds in the clanking of swords, the rattling of spurs, soldiers and sentinels, castles and courts. The hero is a delightful type of bright, brave manhood. There is trouble, trickery and treachery, but honor wins the day, and the principals triumph in life and liberty.

Other books received are: "How Hartman Won," by Eric Bohm (George N. Morang & Co.); "Colin of the Ninth Concession," by R. L. Richardson (George N. Morang & Co.).

A Notable Publication.

The first volume in the series "The Makers of Canada," published by George N. Morang & Co. (Limited), has been issued under the title, "Lord Elgin." The writer, the late Sir John G. Bourinot, has given a history of the establishment of responsible government in Canada, in setting forth the career of James, eighth Earl of Elgin and twelfth Earl of Kincardine. In the course of twelve chapters the reader is given a strong and at times brilliant impression of those years of storm and stress (1847-1854), when the distinguished Scotsman was Governor of Canada. The conditions following the Rebellion of 1837 and the difficulties that surrounded the new Governor are graphically described, while the writer shows in strong relief the firmness and moderation of Lord Elgin in the crisis of 1849. It is extremely difficult even in these days to speak of the problems that confronted the colony half a century ago in cool and impartial terms. But he must be a bitter partisan indeed who can accuse Sir John G. Bourinot of swerving in this fascinating narrative from the lines of historic truth and fairness. He has invested such subjects as "Clergy Reserves," "Seigniorial Tenure" and the "Reciprocity Treaty" with an interest that only literary grace can give. Even the layman, to whom old issues and treatises are dusty matter, will find entertainment as well as instruction in these pages. The dramatic moments of those turbulent times are not forgotten, and in a vivid paragraph we see Sir Allan MacNab confronting in wrath Mr. Hume Blake, or Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald making his extraordinary address at the Bar of the Council in 1853. Some of the measures that are part of the political life of our day were anticipated by Elgin. In writing to the Imperial Government he declares: "There is something captivating in the project of forming this vast British Empire into one huge zollverein, with free interchange of commodities, and uniform duties against the world without."

The impression left by this excellent study is of a young nation in a time of political turmoil, steadied and strengthened by a man who

"Never sold the truth to serve the hour, Nor paltered with Eternal God for power."

The book has a loftiness of tone in keeping with the upright statesman whose career is so ably depicted. It should have a place in the library of every Canadian who desires to know something of the calibre of the men who helped to

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mould the country's destiny. Its evidence of patient research, its historic width of view and the brilliance of its literary qualities render the first volume in "The Makers of Canada" a publication in which we may take just pride.

The editors of the series are Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott and Professor Pelham Edgar, whose names are a guarantee of conscientious and scholarly work. As a piece of book-making "Lord Elgin" sets a high standard. Type, paper and cover in this "edition de luxe" are a pleasure to those who delight in great works worthily presented. From the photogravure frontispiece to the closing page the book is a credit to Canadian publishing and an appeal to Canadian readers.

J. G.



WE'RE you ever very, very tired? Too tired to care if school kept or not, too tired to know whether the play was a comedy or a tragedy, too tired to brush your hair or care whether you looked crazy or sane, with a tiredness that had been accumulating stealthily for weeks and at last had got you pinned in a corner, from which there seemed no way out? And there were things to be done, each insistent in its way, at thought of which your heart did not fail, but fluttered. Do you know that fluttering, which strikes apprehension to your soul? Worse than failing is the fluttering, like a bird with broken wing, of the heart that has been pumping overtime, and that flutters thus when one is just too tired to fear even death; for death stops work. Then is the time, if you can just do it, to fly away from those things which clamor to be done, which must be done, into the place of rest, the place of healing, the place of peace, and lie alone, the long day, and the long night, whispering, "No need to flutter, little heart. There is absolutely nothing to do, to-day nor to-morrow, and the third day is still a long way off." And as the hours glide by and you lie very still, miles and miles away from the things that must be done (but won't be), the good little heart is rested and ceases to flutter, and you take a deep breath and thank it for beating strong and true, and you say away down in your mind that heaven may well be thanked for the City of Heavenly Rest, which holds you workless, aimless, friendless, alone in a blessed solitude until you are ready to go forth cheerfully again. There is, however, one serpent which has crept into my Eden since last I stole into its place of repose. Right before my bed it sticks on the dainty French-tinted walls, and its little round funnel pokes out at me and seems to say, "Don't dare go to sleep or I'll ring you up!" Yea, verily, the convenience and the curse of our modern life is here, but here is also the sweet consideration of those who know, and only one the long day does the maddening whirr of that fiendish bell call me from deep and sweet repose. And I had only whispered as I stole from the cab to the bedside, "I am very tired," to make those who know keep the tormentor helpless all day.

I have been missing something all day, as I lay counting the patterns on the wall paper (fancy the idle luxury of being able to count the patterns on the wall paper, not once but a score of times). And just now I remember it is the little boy I miss, who always came so surely for a chat when I arrived at the City of Heavenly Rest. I caught a glimpse of a little boy just now in an Eaton and wide collar, going past my door with a careful "dad," and I felt like baby-sitting, and missed my other boy so much. The other boy had a wary eye for his dinner, and never neglected stray candies or apples that were lying about, but between these diversions there were yarns of school life and yarns of holiday high jinks, and criticisms of masters, and enquiries in the Latin quarter is particularly graphic and interesting, absolutely photographic. "The Pensionnaires" is a delightful book.

LADY GAY.

St. Catharines, November 23.

The Mushroom Gatherer.

When I was seeking mushrooms through fields all gray with dew, I came upon the fairies, and I met before I knew.

The glances of their merry eyes, and

As they went and out they went along the fairy ring.

I dropped my empty basket, but I did not run away.

Their faces were too fair to fear, their voices were too gay.

They laughed and I laughed back at them; my feet their dancing drew,

And I was hand-in-hand with them, and I was singing too.

They sang an old and ancient song, such as our mothers sang.

Above in the cradles we know sun from moon.

Their song and dance I followed, would I could both forget;

But lips of me and feet of me they keep the measure yet.

I meet no more the fairies, for old I am and gray.

And I have no love for autumn, no thoughts for yesterday.

Their spell they put on other maids, and younger maids than I.

Who go a-gathering mushrooms before the dew is dry.

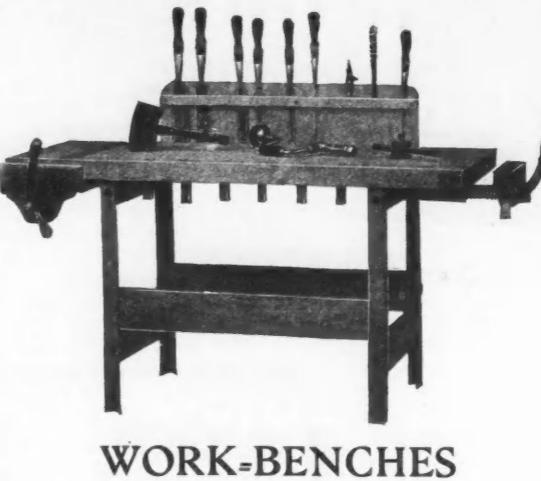
Nora Cheson, in "The Sketch."

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"Why, my dear," stammers Henry. "How can you say such a thing? I remember distinctly that when I came in you asked me to wind the clock, put out the dog, and light the night-lamp."

"Ah!" asked his bright interlocutor, "which nostril shall you treat?"

"The Tie That Binds."

They sang an old and ancient song, such as our mothers sang.

Above in the cradles we know sun from moon.

Their song and dance I followed, would I could both forget;

But lips of me and feet of me they keep the measure yet.

I meet no more the fairies, for old I am and gray.

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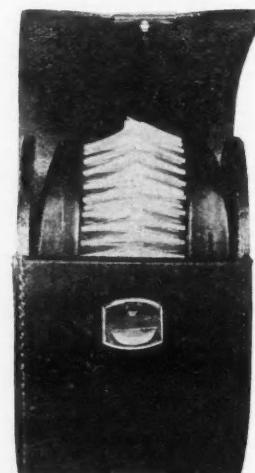
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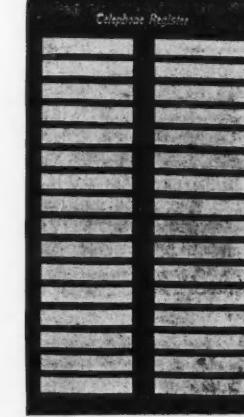
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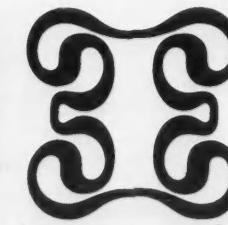
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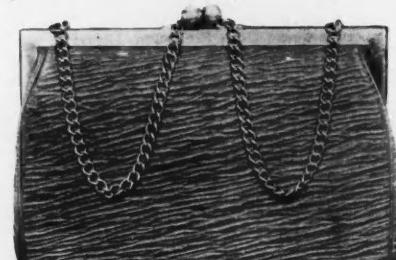
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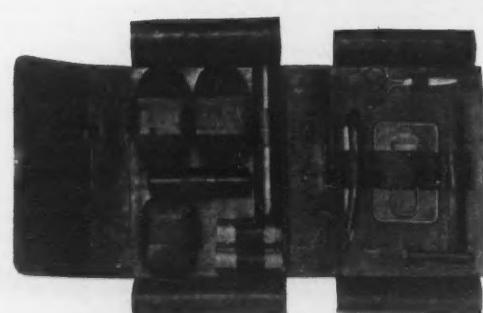
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Prices, \$2.00 to \$20.00

Cars Stop at the Door.